

D₂ I₁ S₁ C₃ O₁ R₁ D₂ E₁ R₁

T H A T T R I P L E W O R D S C O R E M A G A Z I N E F R O M C I T R I O I P O I N T N I N E

A₁ U₁ G₂ S₁ T₁ N₁ I₁ N₁ T₁ Y₁ T₁ H₁ R₁ E₁ E₁

F₄ R₁ E₁ E₁

R O C K E T F R O M T H E C R Y P T



DOUGHBOYS PROPAGANDA BATHORY GIANT SANDMY NAME
POND ASEXUALS NO MEANS NO MECCA NORMAL
BEAT NUMB CHANGE FORBIDDEN PRISON SHAKE
HAPPENING PHLEG CAM OF HEART BUCKPETS
HYPNOLOVE WHEEL BAND OF SUSANS DIMENSION
CANNIBAL CORPSE SWIRLIES THE SMALLS SUPERSNAZZ
BETTIE FUGAZI DELICIOUS TSUNAMI SHADOWY MEN ON A
SERVE IT MONSTER SHADOWY PLANET BENEDICTION
IVA BITTOVA VACANT JAWBOX OLIVELAWN
JOHN ZORN CHEM LAB BUM MINOR THREAT CODEINE
SEBADO COFFIN BREAK BITE PITCHER BLEND
SMUGGLERS THOMAS TRIO AND BAD RELIGION
REVEREND HORTON HEAT THE RED ALBINO SUPERCHUNK
HOEVOS SIX ROOTS ROUND UP LYRES DRIVE LIKE JEHU
RANCHEROS FINGER UP CANCER THE JULIE DOLPHINS CEMETARY
FLUF BLISS SEMONHEADS BOB'S YOUR UNCLE LIZ PHAIR
VELOCITY GREEN JESUS LIZARD ROCKET DEAD
ADSR ENGINE KID FROM THE BOLT JALE
LOVE BATTERY SNFU FURNACEFACE CRYPT LUDWIG VON 88
ME MOM & MORGENTHAUER

CARGO
RECORDS

D₂ I₁ S₁ C₃ O₁ R₁ D₂ E₁ R₁

AUGUST 1993 · ISSUE #127

"I'm not the boss, you're the boss," said our huggable Ad. Rep., Anthony, on his final edition with *Discorder*, to our lovable Editor, Paul, who was waving around his stack of unfinished edits... **BON VOYAGE!**

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COVER

When Rocket from the Crypt caught a glimpse of the successor to their name we couldn't keep them in front of Eric Thorkelson's lens. After 3 rolls of film and a bag of peanuts, however, they sat up and did tricks for us.

STUFF WE LISTENED TO WHILE PUTTIN' THIS THING TOGETHER:

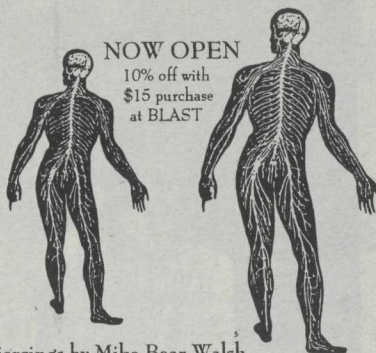
Johnny Cash Collection, Dinosaur Jr., Bug, Gruesome Hey!, Grunge Life, Heatmiser Dead Air, Laibach Let It Be, Residents Third Reich of Rock 'n' Roll, Henry Rollins, The End of Silence, Frank Sinatra they, they're all the same, Smashing Pumpkins Siamese Dream, Stump a Piece of Piss, The Dicks, Urge Overkill Saturation, Tom Waits Asylum Years, ZZ Top Rio Grande Mud, Du Huskers: The Twin Cities Replay Zen Arcade, Mojo's Psychosonic Sampler Vol. 2, Psycho Nite II, Musical Madness and More from Japan

STAFF

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LEGAL COUNSEL/PUBLISHER: Chris Buchanan

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SHINDIG

that local band competition from CTR



Another 13 weeks of friendly competition, jokes-for-beer and amazing prizes starts up in September. So dust off the instruments and start annoying the neighbours, 'coz CTR is now accepting demos for Shindig '93. You should be able to play a 25-35 minute set of original material... any style, any genre.

Nora, the three-eyed Shindig hostess, has her ears perked for the newest sounds emanating from Vancouver.

Send your tape to: SHINDIG '93, c/o CTR Radio,
#233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C., V6T 1Z1

Don't forget to include your contact names and numbers!
For more information, contact Justin or Linda at 822-3017.

OFFICE USE ONLY

Discorder is copyright © 1993 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. *Discorder* is "that magazine from CTR 101.9 FM" and is printed monthly in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. *Discorder* prints what it wants to, including the CTR On The Dial program guide and the CTR Spinlist playlist charts. Circulation is 17,500 copies distributed free to over 280 locations. 12-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the states, and \$24 elsewhere. Single issues are worth \$2 to you (just covering the postage...don't cheese!). Please make cheques or money orders payable to *Discorder* Magazine.

Deadline for ads and submissions is the 15th of every month. If you don't have it in by then...you lose. We will gladly accept submissions from anyone, just send them to the address at the bottom of this page. Thanks!

"I'm goin' to the store."

CTR 101.9 FM is 1600 watts of neurotic bites from USC to Langley, Squish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder is 36 pages of bullshit which we hope is progressively getting stronger with each issue. It's still put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snobs who used to know everything and anything about everything we didn't...and we wish, least of all, we knew how far we can go in having the right to tell you about it. We also had the meaning of "alternative" valued in an empty chocolate cube...can...but we sold it to Perry Farrell, and look what he's done with it.

Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and *Discorder* are Monday-Friday, 10-4. Call CTR DJ line @ (604) 822-CTR, our offices @ 822-3017, our news @ sports @ 222-2487, fax us @ CTR @ (604) 822-9364, or write: *Discorder*, #233-6138, SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1

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hook up with B Take the Skytrain connection to Joyceway Loop and onwards to Phibbs: at Lake Sebilus and then
Capilano College bus, or take Upper Lingo Valley from downtown. Call BC Trans 242-5100. OFFTOP: Capilano, turn
255-ARTS to locate a ride or shuttle or space to your car. OFFTOP: Bicycles: 15 minute ride E of Second Narrows.

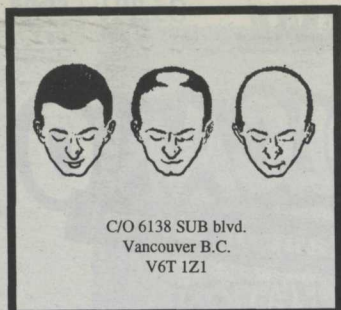
Participating visual/literary/performance artists: Penny Singh • Jathinder Sandu • Anthony M.K. Favel • Gord Hill • Alice
Tepeculcinte • Myk Gordon • Carly Gademans • David Bouvier • Helen Ycomans • Ken Gerberick • Kirsten Sawchuck • Jeremy
Galpin • Veronica Havill • Connie • Mahara Sinclair • Christopher Jumpton • Corrina Dahlin • Frank • Antea Brown • Skott
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AIRHEAD

Normally, Paul our editor writes the opening blurb to "Airhead," but he has disappeared as of about 3 am this morning. He left to "go to the store," and so far has not returned. As a new day dawns on the horizon, we ask the creative minds of the Disorder readership to write us and submit your creative, wild and totally fictitious accounts of what has happened to the noble soul that is Paul T. Brooks, last seen wearing a weary face with spectacles, t-shirt and jeans, about 5'8", approx. 150 pounds. Personality traits include a minor Flintstones obsession (he's very fond of Fred) and an encyclopedic and opinionated knowledge of late 20th century popular music. As with all escaped Disorder editors, he is hungry, tired, and will slag anyone mercilessly if threatened. Keep your children away! Approach with caution! Send your submissions to:

Where the Hell is Paul?!
c/o Disorder Magazine
Rm. 233, 6138 SUB Blvd.,
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NO TIME TO BE WASTED RECORDS

THIS YUGOSLAVIAN RECORD LABEL IS LOOKING FOR MORE JAPANESE [O] HARD COREPUNK THRASH BANDS TO SEND IN RECORDED MATERIAL FOR FUTURE RECORD & CD PROJECTS! PREFERABLY MORE POLITICALLY INF. BANDS OUT NOW [004 N.T.T.B.W.] Tito Nixoda Vise! Compilation L.P. with DEAD IDEAS, E.H.I.E., BRAINSTORM, URGH!, OVERDOSE + MANY MORE!!! (\$10. + pp)

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INTERMUSIC: GOCCE DE LČEVA 11/1, 11080 ZEMUN/BEOGRAD/YUGOSLAVIA

INFO DATE 19TH APR 93

TION, promo stuff (t-shirts, stickers, flyers...). Exchange articles, sounds good for you? Please, have my name put in your mailing list.

In the near future, we will also be discussing how to distribute your CDs and other stuff here among some alternative shops.

Hope to hear from you very soon and to have a sample of your work.

Adilson Pereira
PUNCH — c/o
Adilson Pereira
Caixa Postal 28517
Rio de Janeiro — RJ
21832-970
Brasil

Dear Friends:

We would like to inform you that the Gibiteca of Curitiba (Comic Strip Library) is organizing the **THIRD INTERNET FANZINE EXHIBITION**, to be held on the first, second and third of July, as well as a fanzine get-together.

There will also be concerts with bands from Curitiba, as well as talks, sales and exchange of fanzines and showings of alternative videos. With a view to this, we need your help by sending us your fanzines, and by giving us the honour of your presence at our exhibition.

We also ask you to confirm your attendance and send us your fanzines, no later than 30th June, to Monica at Rua Carlos Cavalcanti, 533, CEP 80020-280, tel: (041) 322-1525, r. 250, Curitiba, PR, Brazil.

Thanking you in advance for your collaboration,

yours sincerely,
Alice Ruiz
President
Ana Cristina de Castro
Cultural Events Director
Curitiba, PR, Brazil

WHAT YEAR IS IT, ANYWAY?

Disorder,

I have been trying to find The address of the manager/promoter of The Grateful Dead.

Could you help me? I have some Art work to submit.

Thank you
David Burgnag
Gibsons, B.C.

This one is out of our league. Try directing your question to Relix Magazine, P.O. Box 94, Brooklyn, NY 11229 U.S.A., they should be able to set you on the right path.

Disorder,

Hello! My name is Rune Nilsen and I'm a 21 years old boy from Norway. I was wondering about DISORDER still exist. If it does, I would like to check it out. Please let me know.

Rune Nilsen
Rugeun 25 1A
4626 Kr. Sand. S.
Norway

BONA DRAG, MAN

Dear Airhead and especially Tom & Kim,

I am writing after reading the letters from "Lucifer" and D.J. Jansen, and your response in the July issue of Disorder. I agree completely with what you had to say and I would just like to add that it might help to lose your ego when you decide to start publishing a zine. That way there is nothing for anyone to hurt.

I guess I would also take this opportunity to thank you for reviewing issue # one of "Glimorous Glue" in the June issue. So far this has been the only response from anyone in Vancouver. I guess there's not as many

fans of "feminine boy stuff" here as I thought. Am I the only person in the lower mainland in touch with the Morrissey fanzine network (at least 20 zines and more starting all the time)? Oh well, issue two will be out by the end of July, I'll send you a copy.

So gone,
Mr. Shawn
PO Box 41023
2529 Shaughnessy St.
Port Coquitlam, BC
V3C 3G0

Dear "Disorder" Magazine,

Please send me a subscription to your wonderful magazine. Enclosed is a cheque for \$15.00 dollars for 12 months. If there are any problems, let me know.

Charles Murray
6 James Apt.#5
Lennoxville, Quebec
J1M 1Y6

Dear Disorder,

Here is some hard earned cash for a disorder mag. subscription. I find this magazine very informative for live gig listings, reviews, and keeping in touch with the west coast scene. Please sign me up and my mailing address is below.

Thanks!
Francis Tetrault
1502 - 10030 - 114 St.
Edmonton, Alberta
T5K 1R3

Dear Airhead,

Facts about Cub: THEY SUCK!!! and your incoastuous - (you know it's true) propaganda machine can't convince me otherwise!

Yours Sincerely,
Wendy Young
Vancouver

CITR Radio,

I kindly request your station's help in completing a personal project of mine.

I am attempting to collect bumper and/or window stickers from university radio stations across Canada. While I also collect stickers from commercial stations, I specialize in campus radio.

If stickers are not available, a letterhead, business card or anything with a station logo will do.

Should stickers be available, I respectfully ask for three items, but even one would be great.

I have done music shows on Ryerson radio (CRFM), Radio Sheridan (CORS) and McMaster Radio (CFMU).

A stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Dale Patterson
259 White Pines Dr.
Burlington, Ontario
L4L 4E9

Dear El Cadaver,

It's about your invitation to your house and cook a meal for you naked...I have to decline on the grounds that my toes are just massive and I never take off my socks. I don't go out much anyway, since I've been battling this Spam addiction. I prefer to collect stray cats.

Remain,
Someone without eyebrows

Dear Airhead,

Adults: Are they evil psychopaths bent on world destruction?

I'm 16. This makes me a teenager. I'm not a Muppet Baby nor am I Little Archie. I, like other people

Slice of Gourmet Pizzas

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are trying to rid evil threats to our "peaceful well-being society." Threats to our "peaceful molesters, police, teachers, governments, religions, drug dealers, alcoholics, censors, killers and, power. The power to control what we dress, look, eat, shave, feel, do, consider, judge, opionate, buy, our morals and actions. Memorizing twelve years of bullshit perfectly to memorize more (but pay for it) so we can get ourselves a nice well-paid job so we can buy ourselves luxuries. You told us luxuries made us happy. The happiest house is the most expensive house.

We poor uninfluenced teenagers are thrown into this messed up world so you adults can teach us what you were taught. Learning that this Bud's for you. For you to forget that you're failing school and have no future in society. Who wants to get a job when you can pop over to Tood's house and get yourself free CD's and a free mountain bike. Cheers big ears!

Jenn Fonseca

Dear Disorder:

Hello and thank you for sending me the latest Disorder issue. At the time

when the sanctions are on (against Srbija/Yugoslavia) you are still keeping on sending me Disorder magazine. Thank you as you are the only newspaper magazine that is sending me regularly information/news. For instance MRR stopped sending me free copies last year, 92, June, ever since then I had no chance to read MRR, I just stuck at one point and that was all. But thankfully to CTR I was able to get informed on things around world. This letter is to mainly say thank you very much for keeping sending intermusic your newspaper. This letter is

here to tell you/offer/any help I can give to your newspaper. Scene report? Band info? Anything else? Let me know if you need anything of that or other I will be pleased to help CTR newspaper.

What are the advertising rates now? Which sizes are available? Let me know please.

Youth Brigade interview was good so was Negative Land.

I wrote to Zulu Records asking about distributing my comp LP I hope they'll answer.

That's all if you need (again) anything I men-

tioned above or other (anything else) let us know we will help.

Regards
Gvido Obradovic
Intermusic
Goce Delceva 11/1
11080 Zemun,
Belograd
Yugoslavia

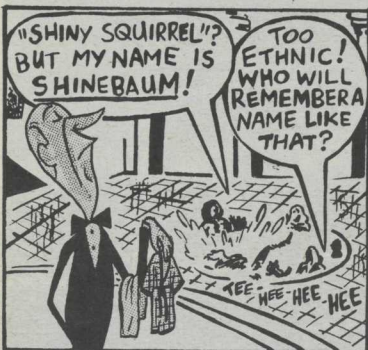
Perhaps we should be sending bundles of Disorders to "the former Yugoslavia" instead of peacekeepers... take note of the flyer Gvido included with his letter (reproduced at bottom left, facing page)... he might be interested in hearing from some Canadians too.

Life With The Family Enndye

From my window on the fifth floor I can easily discern your slanted loping shape making its way toward this tired heap of old flats. I have time to gain the ground floor, to loiter, seemingly waiting for the lift I've just this moment vacated. The lobby is dim and greenish. Damp comes through at the corners. The land-lady-up-ends her galoshes on the radiator after her limp up the High Street. They steam. The fusty warm air presses upon me while the ebullient lift, sent away empty, returns at the touch of my finger. It lands and opens to me as you run up the steps. Hold it for me, you request, so of course I do. So this is how you look close up. Our tatty old lift is an Italian restaurant shrunk to the size of a table for four. Red and gold filigree wallpaper dazs cards to dark oak panelling. On the back wall is an ornately framed reproduction of Turner's "Ulysses Deriding Polyphenus," or some such title. Although my education has been shamefully neglected (by me, in fact) I still... well, never mind. Across the ceiling of this milk carton-shaped, bordello waiting room of a lift are fourteen decorative brass curtain rods, tarnished and, luckily, curtainless. Imagine if you had to make your way into rows of heavy dusty red velvet curtains, pushing them about to see the floor indicator, disclosing the odd fellow-tenant between the folds! As the lift ascends I smile at you and put up my arms, curling the fingers around the brass rods loosely. I feel light-headed. You gaze back quite seriously, yet assently, into the middle of my body rather in the manner of one who wandering in a cemetery stops to read an inscription and turns away unaffected. My floor pingingly announces itself but I'm frozen with humiliation and refuse to subject my unprotected spine to your indifferent eyes. I drop my arms down and study my toe-caps as we continue upward. They are rather nice. My deep blush may already have subsided. There is the deepest sort of silence 'til your floor pings and I may at last look up. I see that you are not quite as tall as I'd thought, for the ends of your fingers only brush the rods as you strain up, rising on your toes. But you prove to be easy to lift. I. Enndye

CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS

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the cruel elephant



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By A.O. Chapman

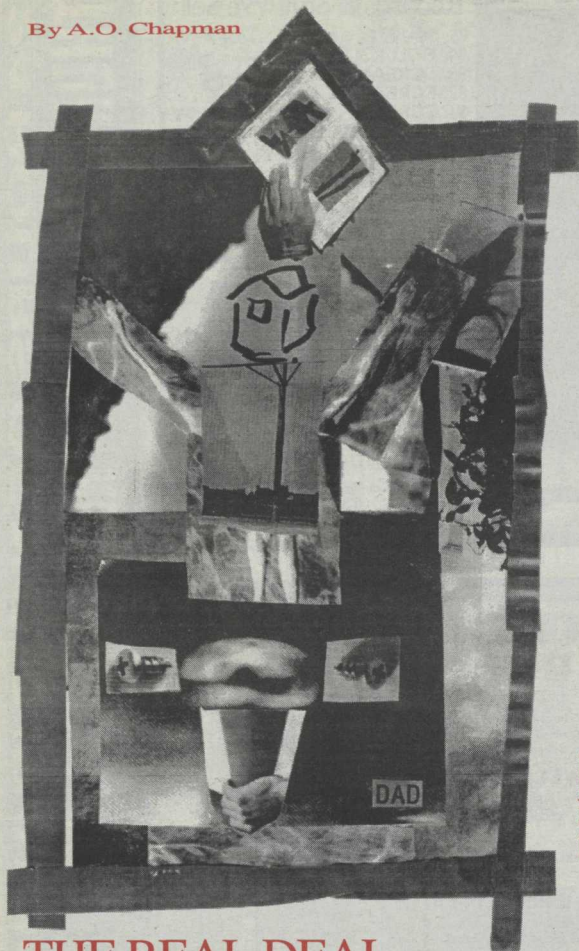


Illustration by James McKinnon

THE REAL DEAL

daughter. How did they get here? There are people who probably make a living making these magazines?" I thought of the photographers. I wondered where the pictures were taken. In short, my mind was opened to a whole new world that I never knew existed. But I was a pretty smart kid—too philosophical for my age—and maybe every kid shouldn't be expected to see it the same way I did. Even so, I think I did *exactly* the right thing that day. It's not my fault if the kid who owns that treeshouse turns out to be a goody-goody and turns that magazine over to his parents. Don't get me wrong, I'm not into corrupting children. I don't hang out in parks wearing an overcoat asking kids if they want to come back to my place and get drunk on wine-gums.

But as I sat there having my root canal, looking up into the bright light shining down on me, I thought that maybe when the kid goes up there next time he's going to find that porno magazine and think God sent it down? Maybe he'll call up all his friends and be the hero of the neighbourhood for possessing this forbidden fruit. Some kids have some pretty strange ideas about sexuality. And why not? All that birds and bees nonsense. It's the parent's fault for feeding them lies about how the stork brings children to a family to avoid the embarrassment of the cold, hard reality of two bodies humping in a creaking bed.

Nope, I gave this kid the straight goods. The real deal. Some people that I've already told this story to get pretty upset. Jaws dropped and they accused me of planting the seeds of perversity in that anonymous youngster. To hell with that. We give children too little credit and consider them possessing too short a bandwidth to recognise stuff for what it is. I wouldn't go so far as to state that I taught that kid anything about romance, no way. But the look of some of the stuff in that magazine nothing could be further from it. He'll learn romance like everybody else: freely quoting lines from movies to his first girlfriend who'll dump him for some jakes, after which he'll mull and write poetry to her and embarks himself in front of his buddies and get played like a fiddle at the Annual Sip's Convention. Or maybe he'll learn it all from his brother's *Box Jovi* records, drown his sorrows in Pilsner beer at truck and tractor pulls, and turn out to be a real asshole. But that's completely up to him. I diverted that kid stream 180 degrees without anybody's permission. I opened up a door that can't be closed and, goddamnit, I feel good about it. Maybe he'll turn out right and desire what the real people in this world want: "To sleep late, have fun, get wild, and stomp on the earth with nothing in mind except falling in love and not getting arrested..."

It was around ten thirty AM in West Side Vancouver. I was on my way to my dentist's office which was conveniently only about 6 blocks away. As I made my way leisurely down the street on this fair morning I noticed a magazine lying in the middle of the road. Usually I'm unmoved by trash and road garbage, but this item of litter glowed with the appearance that it needed closer examination. There was little traffic out this morning and the street itself I had known for years as a quiet one. I strolled out into the street to get a better look at the magazine. Shocked and stunned it became obvious to me by its splayed pages that it was a skin mag. A porno publication. A quim quarterly. Or, in simple terms and probably what the publisher calls it on his tax form, "Adult entertainment."

From its crinkled and tattered pages it had the look that it had been run over by a couple of passing cars and as if it had been rained on. Some of its pages were gone, including the cover page, but it didn't need one. This bit of literature spoke for itself. It wasn't *Playboy* or one of the softer top-shelf magazines that are available to the consumer either, this was one of the more racier, lewd and indecent forms of published smut on the market.

Looking at it alone, in the middle of the street, made me hark back to a time when I was just a wee lad. This kid I went to school with lived up in Shaughnessy with his wealthy family and sometimes after school I'd go over to his house to watch cartoons, torment his younger sister, or just avoid going home. Usually his mother was home but one day it was just the two of us and he told me that his Dad had a dirty magazine collection up in his closet. Now, while we were years before the recognized age of what the scientists and sociologists call puberty, we knew the score and I figured this would be one of those need to know situations. "Let's see 'em," I said.

We went up to his parent's bedroom, opened up the bedroom closet, and he pulled out a stack of *Playboy* magazines. I never asked how he found them. Maybe he was looking for hidden away Christmas presents one year, maybe he was just casting the joint, as it were, when his parents weren't home. We leafed through them and had a good laugh at his father's expense. Years later his father would become a high-ranking member of the Social Credit government in the late 1980's. I can remember watching the news at home and seeing him set so civil and political in news conferences, but I could picture him at home, spread-eagled across his bed, pulling his pud like a drunken gorilla.

But it's one thing to find your friend's Dad's or your own father's *Playboy* magazine collection: it's a safer choice. If you ever approached him about it he could pass it off as "artistic interest in the female form" or something wispy-washty like that. It's another scenario completely to having him explain why he has a tucked away collection of magazines like *Swank*, *Hustler* or *Mass Orgies* in his possession—the kind of magazine that I now had in my hands.

This was an uptight, west side neighbourhood, deep in the heart of Kerrisdale. The Florida of Vancouver, where the old people die and nobody notices. But here it was, a beacon of photographic vulgarity lying in the open sun in the middle of the road. Living in Kerrisdale is like living in a small, rich town but it has its other side too. You can stroll the streets after dark and as you walk by the houses hear the alcoholic husbands beat their wives, children scream from the trees and people screech their cars down the long straightaway streets coming from somewhere and bringing the trouble with them. How did the magazine end up here? Perhaps the previous owner had been driving and masturbating at the same time, and upon reaching a frenzied climax in his erotic delirium the magazine flew from his hands onto the road. Ashamed and too scared to go back for it he roared off into the night with his sperm-slackened, literally white-knuckled hands gripping the steering wheel? But this was not the question for me to ask. Nor why fate brought this magazine and I together. As I looked around to see what to do with it, well, not what to do with it but where to put it, I noticed a kid's treeshouse in the backyard of a house across the street.

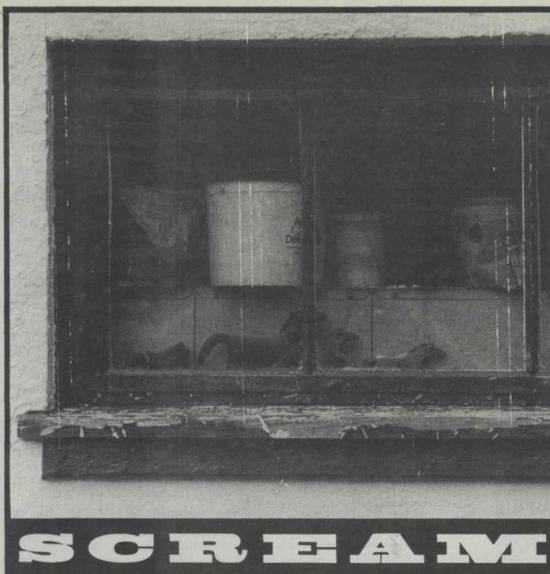
I strolled with perfect nonchalance across the street, casually looking around to see if I was being watched as I looked over the fence which surrounded the property. It didn't sound like anybody was home and I couldn't see anybody in the windows. Secondly, I listened to see if any youngsters happened to be in the treeshouse.

Nobody.

Now all treeshouses have that one window; not a glass window, just an open orifice to look out from. And like all treeshouses they are never as high up as they should be, so it made it pretty easy, after carefully weighing the porno mag in my hand, to friskie it up through the window of the treeshouse. It was a beautiful scene and I would have loved to see it in slow motion: the way the pages flew apart and rattled in the air like a lame bird, and how I flapped and aced like the winning basket as it went through the treeshouse window. It was majestic. In a way, I felt like the Wright Brothers must have felt.

I turned up my collar and walked briskly to my dentist appointment, arriving right on time. And as I sat comfortably in the dentist's chair, as he went to work on my lengthy root canal, I thought about that magazine in the treeshouse. It made me feel good to set a kid straight like that, and in many ways I felt like a good citizen of the community.

When I came across magazines like that when I was young, finding them in similar circumstances as the one I found that day, I saw it on a metaphysical level. The first one I came across I thought to myself, holding its flimsy pages, that this was not the only one in the world like it. There was a big factory somewhere, a huge printing press, that made millions of these. I looked at the women in them and thought, "This is somebody's



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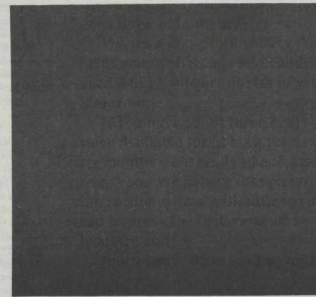
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ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

BY PAUL F. BROOKS

THE APOLLO MISSION
0.1
PART



A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away an equivocal squeak, from what would later be assessed as produced by a microphone, animated the subordinate crew of the Rocket From The Crypt some 26,000 light years away:

"So? I'm registering a...a, a sound," said Atom, fumbling for words through his Sammy Hagar-type microphonehead.

"Diablate!" barked Speedo.

"I'm sorry, Captain, but I can't describe it. It's a sound that I've never heard before. It's appealing, yet appalling. It's not an S.O.S. but it seems to be warning us of something...some impending danger. I just can't put my finger on it, Captain. I can't tell! Just something, baby, you can buy in the store!"

"Pardon me, Corporal?"

"I'm sorry, Captain."

"I should hope so, Corporal. I realize we're all under a lot of stress right now and in bad need of shivers, but the last thing I need is my crew wringing out on me. Now, Atom, if you've pined your compass out could you please give Commander X the coordinates?"

"Yes, Captain. Sector 17, Quadrant 35A, Halogen Plot 12," obliged Atom.

"Thank you. Now I know we've all been a little bit leery of visiting this planet Grange so I'm

going to do us all a favor and use this 'distraction' as a reason for some mission treasury. If there aren't any objections. Commander, chart a course, we're going to find out exactly what this 'sound' is." Little did Percy X know that with Captain Speedo's orders the Rocket From The Crypt was saved from the imminent danger that lie ahead in the form of a collision course with the orbital moon of Courtney.

Speedo had been wrestling with the pros and cons of this mission ever since he felt like he had walked onto the set of *Maternity On The Bowery*, the worsening mental stability of his crew and himself over the past 213 days didn't make matters much better. His newly acquired abruptness and hard-as-nail attitude were wearing thin on the patience of everyone—the exonerated and often bleak consequences of the job-at-hand weighed heavy on his conscience. Speedo's demands ("What's your delay?" and criticisms toward his crew had become petty ("You got a bad voice. You got a bad, bad voice?"), mental, less gratifying ("You don't bring me flowers anymore, just rusty nails on my door") and unwelcome for all.

The son of a military man, the Captain was hoping to make this mission his final. For two many years he lived by his father's credo: "When

you're done you gotta once more." That credo was going to be the death of him, one way or the other, and that credo is the reason a young cabin like himself got so far so quickly. A wounded veteran to the signs of uncertainty in the ranks, every dispute and potential for danger turned gray a hair, etched a wrinkle into his forehead and, whether or not he scored the respect of his underlings, he knew he was filling more and more into the "pick" mold everyone had pegged in. And although he always was an emotional exo-decision, he had a valid concern for the welfare of his crew: his family.

ND, the ship's physician, a genius in his field and recognized for it with a Nobel prize, joined the Rocket From The Crypt after the fame, the wealth, the women and the cocaine became too much. A Doogie Howser-ish prodigy, ND pioneered the theory that "all punk rockers must die at 26, the same gap for riff rockers but they don't die they just start to mskkkkk..." Indeed, as a young, naive and almost too obvious theory, but one that eluded the old-school train of thought for millionaires. Inside his past track record and purposes, materialistic weaknesses ("Yeah, I drive a Ferrari car, the mileage says I can't go far"), ND is as reliable as they come. His youthfulness brings an unmatched quality of vivacity to the ship, despite the fact that he's a worn lower and looks like hell in spandex leotards and cowboy boots—a weird rule law (or really pleasure?) that the rest of the crew find too embarrassing to bring to his attention.

"Hey, isn't that San Diego?" exclaims Percy X, peering himself away from the 26th window in Supermarket for a glimpse out the port window at the blue grey marble that is Earth. A fleeting thought; much like all of his thoughts unless they involve a way out of this damn mission and out of this damn craft. The Rocket From The Crypt's Commander, Percy is a procedure man through and through if only in the sense that he can afford to stoil about and sit behind the gold-embroidered seat adorning his jacket because he worked so damn hard to get where he is today.

"Okay, when was I?" he rhetorically mumbles to himself as he shifts in his custom-made, Corinthian leather Lay-Z-Boy recliner. Percy doesn't hide the fact that he is stuck in this line of work—experienced and intelligent enough to do what he does but lacking the sheer skills on the wall: the key is an early retirement and enjoying a pension by pulling out on the links. He'll never live down his "School ain't this, I read it in a book" vaudevilian address.

Atom, on the other hand, is young, ambitious, over-zealous and a trouble. Sadly, the only thing that keeps Corporal Atom from being a top-notch cadet is his exonerated. Like a kid in a candy store, Atom has a hard time defining and distinguishing the thrill of the journey from the agenda. But being a quickly, scrawny, brown-nosing leecher still searching for his space-legs it's hard not to sympathize for him. He graduated at the top of his class from flight school but no zero-gravity simulator could prepare him for the mental and emotional trauma of being thrown into space for a year with three men who would live, breath, sleep, work and eat the 86,000 seconds of each day together.

"I want my mommy. Poo poo diaper. Poo John. Poo. Nasty man touched my private. Mommy! Daddy make pee pee in the backyard behind the woodshed. He's the nasty man who touched my private place. Milk. I want my milky bottle." Atom had finally lost it, as expected. His own had been pulled out of the water, so to speak, and he couldn't have picked a worse time to do so: the Rocket From The Crypt's suspension destination tipped onto the solar curve.

"Get this man to sick bay, pronto!" ordered Speedo. "ND? ND?" bellowed the Captain over the intercom, "We gotta man comin' down. Take care of

him as quick as you can and get your ass up to the bridge, we're short on crew and we'll be docking in moments."

"See this, Captain."

The next few minutes were frantic and Speedo could feel his scalp pushing up prey as he waited, hoping that the combination of stress, the shoddy version of his crew and the slide that was their destination would combine for a safe and routine lay entry, or at least have them meet their end in a fiery hell of flames.

"Dick digger, ditch digger, lead me your can," invited the malnourished but well-wired *Rowd* Warrior-ish character punched atop a cement podium and widdling a brass instrument like it was a mighty scepter. "Dick digger, ditch digger, slap me some skin, leprechaun's fine so let the

DNA displacement tube at the throat of the unsupporting leader. "San Diego stands alone," he complained through gritted teeth and a pained look of death in his eyes.

"Commander, I prescribe that you holster your weapon, immediately," said Speedo in a sincere attempt at amnesty. "We are guests in this planet and you have no right to draw your weapon, no matter how much offense you take to other's opinions. Now Commander? Percy X lowered his weapon but his eyes and knapper stayed fixed. "I must apologize for my Commander, sir, we've all been involved in a very trying mission but that is no excuse for his behavior. Please accept my apologies!"

"Your violent ways may get you what you want in San Diego but we play with a whole different set of rules here. You're fortunate that



good times begin." And with the conclusion to his *Cocacore* address a deafening noise which ruled the persons from their roasts rose from the attentive attentions. Captivated by the wisdom and power of this act of the devotion, the Rocket From The Crypt crew were anxious for answers to their curiosities surrounding this man:

"Old woman," spoke Speedo.

"Man" replied the androgynous and forlorn drifter with an understandable amount of zeal in his voice.

"I'm sorry, sir, but who is this man who speaks to the masses like a prophet?" asked Speedo. A hush so gigantic and frightening fell like a down blanket over the crowd and crew. All eyes were riveted to the man whose mouth had transcended his IQ in the short time that the Rocket From The Crypt had stationed.

"Why, yes, we are..." boasted Percy.

"You my friend, you Canuck are so misinformed," replied the drifter condescendingly.

"We're from San Diego, actually," replied Percy defensively. And before another word was uttered or a breath exhaled Commander X had his

I'm going to spare you the ways of our customs and the death of your Commander but I suggest you make your visit here brief. The man that you inquire about is named Apollo. Be careful what you say my he's a dry boy." And with that enigmatic instruction the old man dipped into the crowd like evening mist on a summer's beach.

"Hey, you with the funny haircut, I beeha paid a lotta money for that," barked Commander Percy in an impudent attempt to get Apollo's attention. And although it did get by Apollo and every other word under canker of his scraggly remark. A hush so gigantic and frightening fell like a down blanket over the crowd and crew. All eyes were riveted to the man whose mouth had transcended his IQ in the short time that the Rocket From The Crypt had stationed.

"You young man, should show more respect to the person who saved your pathetic life," said Apollo, pointing his scepter at Percy X, as he descended the concrete podium. Throwing glances from ND to Speedo, looking for that certainty in

his comrade, Petty entered from the intimidating figure of Apollo until his Captain spoke and refocused Apollo's rage:

"What do you mean when you say you 'saved' his life?" questioned Speedo.

"Are you that dumb that you have no idea of what I'm talking about?" asked Apollo—the three men exchanging glances, glances and glancing, shoulders confirmed his question—"You don't do you?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I don't. Our mission, thus far, has been exemplary, but for some sickness experienced by our Corporal and a simple matter of our changing course which brought us here," explained Speedo, obviously proud of his crew and their accomplishments.

"That is exactly what I speak of," declared Apollo. "Your changing of course was due entirely to me and this instrument." The Rocket From The Crypt crew looked at each other in puzzlement and wonder at what power the scripter and Apollo possessed: brass-colored and phallic, resembling a squashed letter J, the contours of the instrument were defined by bold lines and a soft, almost mirror-like, buff. The instrument was enchanting and seductive and had a large opening to the opposite end of the one which was blown upon. Apollo demonstrated the manipulation of the instrument by holding the scripter to his lips and exhaling a breath so mighty that it chilled the air with eddies of sound. The deep and tempestuous groan which was expelled swirled about and enraptured the crew like an angel's whisper could, leaving the men of the Rocket From The Crypt ill-supplied when people all around them withdrew from their upright stance to crouched knees and bowed heads. They were praying. "I'm a divinity on this planet," offered Apollo humbly.

"I'm impressed," responded ND, secretly longing for his own magical scripter which he would probably employ to help him pick up chicks.

"I am not," answered Petty. "Anyone with a bit of charisma and intelligence can be a cult leader. I'm not buying it."

"I'm not asking you to buy anything. The simple fact of the matter is that with the power and knowledge to use this tool, and the sense that your voice was in absolute danger of an everlasting collision with the nose of Courtney, I summoned you off course and onto a safer zone." Disbelieving bang thick in the air as Speedo, ND and Petty looked for some rhyme or reason in Apollo's explanation. Eyebrows rose; eyes rolled back.

The explanation was intelligible.

"But how," started ND.

"Enough with the questions, I've put it into layman's terms already. Now how about you three answer a few questions for me?" asked Apollo with more demand in his voice than query.

"My pleasure, Apollo, you've been more than cooperative towards us, even though my Commander's ignorance and rudeness is intolerable. If you've saved our lives like you claim I'm sure the least we can do is accommodate a few of

them. Many a man perished trying to unlock the mysteries that dwell upon this planet," offered Speedo.

"So what separates you from a head like Helmut who were enlisted to do the same thing?" queried Apollo.

"One hundred-thousand dollars, Japanese guitars and a kick-ass lawyer," said the Captain with an air of pretension.

"Seems like a small price to pay to save rock a roll," voiced Apollo with approval and enthusiasm. "Nevertheless, your gentlemen should



your questions," obliged Captain Speedo.

"This mission that you speak of, what is the agenda for it?" inquired Apollo.

"Well, simply, we were contacted by Interscope for 1.3 million dollars to save rock a roll. We're nine months into a one-year program and before we abandoned our course, bringing us here, we were en route to our final and most obscure destination: the planet Grunge," declared Speedo with some uncertainty in his tone.

"I sense fear. Do you have some reservations about completing your mission? Does a visit to this planet Grunge frighten you?" pressed Apollo.

ND, Petty and Speedo looked at each other fully realizing the weight of this undertaking. Snickering aside, ND proclaimed "Grunge has been the single most cause of death in medical and musical history since the Black Plague. More recently, actually in the '70s, there was great fear

before yourself. Undertaking such a meaningful and arduous task with such expectations is inspiring. I only wish I could be of some more assistance to you."

A silence filled the air as the Rocket men scratched their heads and chins. Dumb founded they pondered; blankly they rummaged the inventory of their minds, perplexedly they came up clean. Until Speedo suggested: "Well, with a little legislation, 'why don't you join our mission?' The lightning over his head glowed radiant."

Indecision and uncertainty was prevalent and reflected in the eyes and on the wrinkled forehead of the budding leader. But back by the invitation, the commonly confident Apollo was left fumbling for words and a decision like a fidgety child.

"But..." started Apollo before Speedo cut him abrupt.

"Now don't be too hasty with your decision. Our crew could use a man like you, if in the least in our public relations," Speedo quipped while swiping a glance at an unamused Petty. "Your wisdom, charisma and intimidation would be valuable assets to the Rocket From The Crypt. We'll have to do something about your appearance but beyond that I think that you would be a welcome addition to the crew. The pay's okay, we set our own hours, there's health and dental benefits all around, and we get to say bad words, 'use profanities my bad words.' This pleased Apollo immensely; he grinned in appreciation as the proverbial pot sweetened. "But it's not all fame and fortune, lines and chicks, 4-star hotels and man-moth. Van Halen-type ryders. It requires a lot of hard work, determination, motivation and willpower on your part. The schedule we have can often times be grueling but I can't see a man of your physical health buckling under the pressure...well?"

"Well, that's exactly what you said about Atom, Captain," spoke ND sarcastically, "and now he's back in sick bay strapped to a rubber gurney."

"Appreciate your medical interpretation of the situation, ND, but even you were suspicious of Corporal Atom's mental and physical condition upon joining the mission. Besides, maybe we owe it to Apollo just to offer him this opportunity," Speedo said sympathetically.

"If I do it I'm in!" blurted Apollo.

"Whaddya call that scripter thing, anyway?" inquired Petty as red-brown soil of the planet flicked off of their heads on the short walk back to the Rocket.

"Oh, that," asked Apollo rhetorically. "I like to call it...a microphone."

to be continued.



"Listen, I'm not Kevorkian and I'm not claiming to be a psychic. I can't bend spoons with my mind and I can't tell you who's going to win the World Series, but I do know that every 3 years Courtney's orbital velocity increases ten-fold as it emerges from a black hole on her course. Our circumference radar equipment read your vessel's position as directly above that black hole; had you failed to receive the signal or follow its pulse your mission would not only be complete but you would all be dead."

and concern for the perilous toxins in the atmosphere of Disco, but that planet has since been quarantined and only a fool would forsake his life to pursue within a light-year of it."

"An intensive amount of research has gone into this mission to assure our safety but no monetary figure can banish fear or erase the nightmares that these men have of how their colleagues died on a planet likened to the one we're scheduled to visit. Grunge, unfortunately, seems to have a very similar atmosphere and geological composi-

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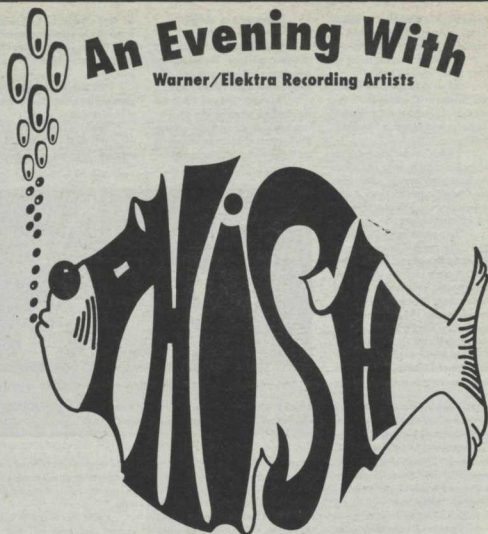
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Despite being delayed *en route* to our fair city, Cop Shoot Cop arrived in fine form to put on a blistering display of harmonious sonic torture. Yours truly was able to write a few words from the weary wandering minstrels after the show. Due to circumstances, the interview was shared with a representative from the Bellingham fanzine, *Throwup*.



Cop Shoot Cop are: Tod A. (high-end bass, crooning/gripping) Filer (sampler and piano) Natz (low-end bass) Phil Puleo (metal and drums)

Tod A.: You guys have to trade off, make this fair, one question from each and then one from you.

Discorder: First, the basics: Cop Shoot Cop, the name, seems to suggest a distaste for police in general. Could you further enlighten us? Well, there's the drug reference and the anti-authoritarian reference, you figure it out.

That seems to come out in the title of your latest release, *Ask Questions Later*, which seems to refer to police brutality. Yeah, well, it's the old play on words...

Throwing: Why are you in a band? Because I'm not much good at anything else.

Why are you in this band? Well, if I was wiser, or if I was sleazier, I would have been a politician. I can kinda play bass and I can sorta fake singing so I do that. But I'm not going to do it forever, probably three more years at the most, then maybe something in the

media. I like fucking with the media so maybe something along those lines.

Discorder: I notice you're wearing a Smith & Wesson hat. Does that mean anything or is it just a damn hat? We're doing an endorsement for Smith & Wesson firearms so they give us free merchandise.

Well, you're anti-authoritarian but guns=N.R.A.=right-wing lobbies. It just seems like a bit of an incongruity. Well, let me put it this way, I don't own a gun but sometimes it seems like a good idea.

Where is this tour taking you? This is your second time in Vancouver, right? Yeah, uh...third? We just came back from a month and a half in Europe, we did the east coast of the States before that, Toronto, the West coast, California... That's a boring question, no one cares.

Where have you received the most support...the best response?

Italy for some reason. Seven course meals and a lot of violence at the shows. We seem to be big in fascist countries, ex-fascist countries, which is a little scary. I haven't figured it out, couldn't tell you why.



Throwing: Would it be too much of a cliché to ask you about your influences? Yes.

O.K., if other bands claimed you as an influence what would you hope they would be like?

I would hope they would sound nothing like us. We've always tried to not have a sound, and if we do it's purely because

we're limited by what talent we have. We try to push ourselves in as many different directions as we can just to keep from getting bored. So I hope if any band is inspired by us it's just to sound nothing like us—to do music that has never been heard before.

Discorder: It's been suggested that Cop Shoot Cop would have been a better choice for the Lollapalooza line-up than some of the bands that were actually on it. Would you have wanted to be on the tour?

I think in theory it's a good thing. Actually, it's sorta based on all the festivals they have in Europe, we've played quite a few of those. What it actually amounts to at the moment isn't that great. Compared to the shows that I went to when I was seventeen, the Who, the Clash and Santana, it's a lot better than that but I think you can see better bands. I guess it's a way of exposing people to bands they might not check out if they were playing alone, in that way it's a good thing, but the bands they're being exposed to are that mind-boggling. I don't think we'd ever play it.

Why not?

Because we don't like playing outdoors, the sound dissipates and it's not as controlled.

Throwing: The video for "Ten Dollar Bill" is equal parts goofy and creepy. Are you in total artistic control?

Well, we directed it, we had the idea for it. We decided that since we were so talented and ugly that we should hire some people with real talent to play us in the video. So we got some dwarves and circus freaks and went down to Mexico to try and lose the New York garbage association that's always followed us around. We're pretty happy with it. We wanted to get that surreal circus atmosphere because that's what the song seems to suggest.

Discorder: Your label, Restless...

They put out our records 'cause the label we're on doesn't do records anymore, which is kind of a sad thing. We demanded that we have vinyl so they had to put it out through an indie... We're on Interscope in the states and an indie called Big Cat in Europe. Interscope is a corporate rock monolith.

Are you happy being with them? Well, it's allowed us to quit our jobs and concentrate on music, and they haven't made us change anything about our music, so, yeah, I'm happy. Basically we've been able to do whatever the fuck we want and they pay for it, that's fine by me. It's better than being broke and eating peanut butter sandwiches.

Clichéd question, but questions the fans want to hear: where are you going with your music, how are you changing, did you try doing anything different on this album than the last, and any new directions with the next?

I have no idea what the next album is going to sound like because we haven't even started writing the songs yet. We have learned to play our instruments a little bit better and we know our way around the studio a little bit more. Also, we now know how to manipulate the accidents, shape the chaos. There's no plan.

Do you have any agenda, any message in your lyrics?

We try to piss people off, confuse them, maybe inspire them. We may be political but we're not correct. This is Jim [Filer], he can answer the rest of your questions.

How do you choose your samples? Are you in charge of what the band uses?

Jim Filer: We get them from everywhere, really. A lot of the spoken word stuff is from late-night radio, there's bass feedback from rehearsal, records, street noise...everywhere.

The virtual absence of any gui-

tar in your sound creates a juxtaposition between two very different elements: the low-end bass and metal banging has a very low-tech minimalist aspect to it and then there's the high-tech that you deal with. Do you see that end taking on a more important role?

Well, on one hand, as far as being able to afford to buy better equipment and having the time to learn it, technology is a useful tool but don't want it to dominate the music. Ultimately, it's all got to remain pretty simple but it's important to have good sample equipment, hard drives and all that, they make your life easier. Sometimes they make it a lot harder. Sometimes the hardware doesn't work and it's a fucking nightmare, and the sampling process can take a long time. No matter how high-tech you get it's like automobiles, you can't literally fix them.

So you're somewhat at the mercy of the technology...?

Yeah, at times it can be incredibly frustrating having those certain boundaries put on me but it's really important to have those boundaries, to be forced to work within those confines. Sampling is pretty limitless but there are certain limitations to the equipment. For me, sampling is a very tiny window that opens into a whole universe.

Have you ever had to pay a fee to use a sample?

Never to date. Most of the stuff we use is pretty obscure, though one of the songs on our *Sack City* EP, which borrowed something from the *Exorcist III*, we had to fuck with to get released in America. Not something I wanted to do but it became an issue, we're not sure why.

What's been the most interest-

ing/bizarre incident on the tour so far?

We were taken into a police station in Gent, Belgium, for having a percussion jam at a concert site. We ended up having an hour and a half long political discussion with one of the policemen there. It was pretty interesting, pretty fun. Other than that, we had five fire engines called to a motel in Albany, NY, for using off fireworks inside. That was eventually blamed on some high-school kids.

Did Canada customs give you any trouble?

Not this time. They have in the past. This guy was pretty cool, he was telling us how Millions of Dead Cops had given him a CD when they were through last summer. He knew what was going on. In the past they've threatened to throw me in jail and take all our equipment. I was looking at \$2,000 just to get turned over to the NY State troopers.

Do you have a strong scene supporting you at home?

There seems to be something I call the "Vancouver syndrome" afflicting local bands Skinny Puppy and Front Line Assembly. They seem to be nearly invisible at home but get very enthusiastic response abroad. We get good support, good turnout, at our shows. I think there's a misconception about the scene in NY. "Scene" is a weird word. There are a lot of people doing a lot of different types of music and somehow we all wind up knowing each other. It gets sort of incestuous at times but it's not so much a cohesive group moving in one direction, there's a lot of diversity. So we have support but I'm not sure about the word "scene."



NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE SEARCHES FOR THE STONEMEN

ONE day whilst innocently flipping through Andre Gibeault's *Canadian Records Discography* a name popped out from the page that would be the key to unlocking the mysteries of 1960's Maritime rock happenings and a burgeoning 1990's punk scene – all in the fair province of New Brunswick. Yes, indeed, it could only be The Stonemen. Described as having released the “wildest punk fuzz screamer” to ever come out of Canada, their 1966 single was also incredibly rare – only one copy had been known to have survived the test of time. No other information on the Stonemen existed. Period. From that moment on I constantly hounded every band from the Maritimes that graced the CTR playlist asking if they ever heard of the Stonemen. Of course, nothing. DEAD FUCKING END! Did these guys actually exist or was it all cruel hoax?

Well, to my total surprise, almost three years to the date of my first catching “Stonemania,” Hampton, New Brunswick's Jason Ogden of the combo NFA reported that not only had he been aware of the Stonemen legend but his good pals in Moncton's Bad Luck #13 actually cover a Stonemen tune “In the Evening”! Yahoo. Further cross-Canada correspondence with Jason revealed that Bad Luck #13 learnt about the “Stonemen” through Mark Gaudet, drummer for Eric's Trip, who actually owned a copy of the single! When Mark passed through Vancouver only a few days later with the Trip he promised to search out the Stonemen upon return to Moncton. And, boy, did he come through! Phone numbers, photos and facts. All I had to do was dial. And dial I did. The following is an interview with Fernand and Danny LeBlanc of the Stonemen:

DISORDER: So where have you been all these years? What happened to you? Gosh, I mean, the Stonemen were the wildest 60's punk to come out of the Maritimes! What happened to the band?

Fernand: We disbanded about I don't know, I've been married now for almost twenty-five years!

When did the band get together? When did the Stonemen form?
Fernand: It was about 1964 or something like that.

And when did you disband?
Fernand: That would have been 1967.

Who was actually in the Stonemen?
Fernand: There were four brothers.

You were all brothers?
Fernand: Yes.

Exactly how many copies of your 45 were pressed?

Fernand: I don't know. We did that for a guy who came from Riverview. We disbanded shortly after that and we never heard anything about it again. I don't how many records were pressed, we never heard anything from him. We just disbanded and the whole thing stopped right there.

Danny: I think we had a thousand. It was distributed all throughout New Brunswick, PEI, and Nova Scotia. The single helped us out quite a bit, you know. As a matter of fact, when it first came out, it sold about five hundred copies in one month!

Do you remember the guy?
Fernand: Geez, I don't remember his name.

What was his background?
Fernand: Well, he was a disk-jockey on CKCW at that particular time. His radio name was Willy-Q.

Danny: We were playing at a boy's club in Moncton and there was a guy that was working at CKCW producing some music. Bill McFadden. Through him we got a deal.

Where did you record the single?
Fernand: Well, that was in an old record studio at CKCW back in 1967.

Did you cut any other songs in the session?

Fernand: No. We were going to do an LP after that but we disbanded and the whole thing just dropped like that. **Danny:** We were on a TV show, *Top Ten Plus*, they had every Saturday afternoon and we recorded quite a few songs for that. We probably recorded a dozen songs altogether. Don't ask me where they went or where they are now, they were mostly on tapes.

Are any of those still around?
Fernand: Geez, I don't know. I had a master copy of the whole thing – ten, fifteen songs – but the thing erased.

“In the Evening” is such a classic 60's punk song! It's totally wild!
Fernand: Well, we were a bit ahead of our time.

The sound is totally intense! Where did you get the weird guitar sounds?
Fernand: We used to work at it quite a bit. I don't know, that's just the way it was.

It sounds like the guys in the studio didn't really know how to handle you.
Fernand: They didn't, really. We used to tell them what to do.

Is that one of the tamest songs that you guys had, 'cause I heard you picked the two tamest songs for the 45?
Fernand: Well, no, that was pretty well

what was going on then.
Danny: Ha ha, you might say that. We had some pretty wild stuff, compared to the songs “Faded Colours” and “In the Evening.”

You didn't have any other really wild numbers?
Fernand: Well, we used to. At that particular time there wasn't any such thing as a cassette tape or anything like that. There used to be what is called a cartridge that they used to use in radio stations just for commercials. We used those to record on and once in a while they plugged those in to play on the radio.

Do you remember any of the song titles?
Fernand: No, not really, just the two that were on the 45.

Was the 45 distributed at all? Did you get any feedback from it at all?
Fernand: Well, there were a few sales that we heard of but we never found out how many. I also heard that there were some sold in the United States after that.

The 45 was on the Maritime Label. Who ran the Maritime Label?
Danny: Ah, geez, I can't remember who it was. My other brothers, Bert and Fernand, were doing most of the legal stuff. Eric and I just played and fooled around!
Fernand: Well, this would be the guy who had us make the tape, the record.

Were the Stonemen the wildest group in the Maritimes?
Fernand: At the time, yes, I would say so. We were the first group with long hair. I know that for sure.
Danny: We weren't really wild. We all had long hair, we were the only band with long hair back in 1966/67. Our music was a little bit “off-ball” for that year.

STONEMEN (1966) Maritimes

These guys were like they want to show you how to scream. It's almost as if the singer is watching a horror movie and thinking he was part of it. It's really a nightmare of screams mixed with demented fuzz guitar. This is the WILDEST PUNK FUZZ SCREAMER that I've heard so far. The flip side is also one of my favorite PSYCHEDELIC songs. Along with “Expedition To Earth” and “Painted Ship,” this is the most powerful double-sided single to come out of Canada. Only 1 copy seen.

IN THE EVENING/FADED COLORS (1) (2) MARITIME 1008 1966 +100
from Canadian Records by Andre Gibeault (Montreal: Underworld, 1987)

NFA

Jason, guitar • Andrew, bass • Craig, drums
In January of 1993, Jason was the whole thing of by saying he'd heard of the Stonemen and that in fact Moncton band Bad Luck #13 covers one of the Stonemen's songs!
NFA, by the way, have a single out on NIM Records.

NFA - PO Box 267, Hampton, NB E0G 1Z0

PIAVING HELL WITH YOUR FAITH EP



BAD LUCK #13

Ray 13, guitar • Chand, drums • Bucklehead, bass • The Man of Bat, vocals

These guys cover the Stonemen's “In the Evening” which was given to them by Mark Gaudet. Eric's Trip! Bad Luck #13 also has a single out on NIM Records!

Bad Luck #13 - PO Box 9020, Moncton, NB E1C 7C7

ERIC'S TRIP

Julie, bass & vocals • Rick, guitar & vocals • Chris, guitar • Mark, drums

Mark searches desperately through the Moncton phone book and locates Fernand LeBlanc of the Stonemen. Plus Mark finds some neat pictures which you see here! Eric's Trip first green inch appeared on NIM which will also be releasing a single by oldie Mark's other combo, Purple Night.

Eric's Trip - 145 Dorris Road East, Moncton, NB E1A 2Y1

NIM Records - 115 Liberty Crescent, Moncton, NB E1A 6A6

THE STONEMEN

Danny LeBlanc, lead guitar • Fernand LeBlanc, rhythm guitar & vocal • Norbert LeBlanc, bass & lead vocal • Eric LeBlanc, drums



Who were some of the other groups you remember from the area? Do you know the Brunswick Playboys?
Fernand: Yeah, they were on at that particular time. They were on before us, they wore ties and coat type things, but they were still on when we were.

And what did you guys wear?
Fernand: Anything we could think of to make people talk.

How about Eight Point Five? Have you heard about them? They were from Bathurst, New Brunswick?
Fernand: I don't remember.

The Great Scots? The Rockstones?
Fernand: The Rockstones, that sounds familiar.

Do you remember the names of any of the groups you played with in New Brunswick?
Fernand: Geez, I'd have to think back on it.

Did the Stonemen pull off any neat stunts on stage?
Fernand: Yeah, sometimes we did things. I remember once I smashed a guitar on stage.

Where did you play most of your gigs?
Fernand: We played all over New Brunswick, PEI and parts of Nova

Scotia.
Danny: We played at the University and some coffee houses in Moncton. We played throughout the Maritimes, and in Montreal and Toronto also.

Where were the Stonemen from?
Fernand: Cape Pelf, New Brunswick.

Were the Stonemen actually "stonemen"?
Danny: Well, we were stonemasons. My dad's a bricklayer by trade — a mason. I'm still a mason by trade.

Why did you change your name from the Wytes to the Stonemen?
Fernand: We wanted to change the whole thing because we used to play, like what the Playboys used to play, the same type of music. We wanted to change the music so we changed the name along with it.

Do you still have any of your same instruments?
Fernand: Oh, no.

Another famous legend I heard about the Stonemen comes from Ray 13, who plays in a Moncton band called Bad Luck #13 — they cover "In the Evening." They're a modern 1990's group. Ray 13 has said, "In the later days of the Stonemen's musical career they played out of the back of a truck while cruising down some main

road in Moncton. They belted out the punk-psychedelia while a blue strobe light pulsed and flared." Is that true?
Fernand: I'm afraid not.

Danny: Yeah, it was on a float! Yup, it was on a tractor/trailer float. They stopped all the traffic on Main Street. We were there for about ten minutes and played two songs. This was around the time we had the 45 out. Actually, there was another member in the group when we did that. After we made the record we were looking for a keyboard player and we found this fellow from St. John. His name was John Owen. Actually, he was probably the person who got us "wild." He kind of brought us to another level.

Was he on the single?
Danny: No, he wasn't.

Did he get the Stonemen "stoned" and bring in drugs?

Danny: No drugs at all, none whatsoever. As a matter of fact, when we disbanded I went to San Diego, California, in 1969. I worked out there for about eight months and when I got back I was approached by a band from Nova Scotia — I can't remember their name, they're a popular band now — they used drugs. They said it was part of the rituals. And I said, "If that's the way it is you're gonna have to find yourself another guitar player." That's when I stopped playing guitar,

really. That's when I stopped playing music. I said, "I have to do this stuff to play music it's not for me!"

Mark from Eric's Trip supplied me with this little clipping that says, "The Stonemen show and invite you to an excursion into your mind called The Guest of the Purple King."

Danny: John Owen came up with this. That summer the Stonemen disbanded and we were left with only myself, John Owen and Eric. That's when we went to Montreal and Toronto... I have another brother, Roger, who played with us after we broke up from the Stonemen. We formed another group with myself, Eric, John Owen, and Roger playing bass. We changed the name of the band to King Zeek.

What happened to the rest of the Stonemen? What are they doing?

Danny: Fernand's working at bricklaying... Eric, when he turned about 21 or 22, when we got back from Montreal, he had a mental disease, you know, schizophrenia. I'm not familiar with these terms doctors use but he got really bad. It's just something that happens I guess. Bert passed away of a heart attack three years ago in Toronto.

And John Owen?
Fernand: The last I heard he was in

Vancouver, somewhere. This was back in the early 80's. Where he's at now I'd be guessing.

Anything else interesting about the Stonemen?

Fernand: Well, geez, I don't know, it's been almost thirty years now! Danny: I play a lot of golf with a lot of people and sometimes they say, "You were an original member of the Stonemen," and I remember watching you here and watching you there and stuff like that! In fact, this year the Canadian Amateur Golf Championship is being held in Victoria, out your way. So if I make the team I'll pop over and see you!

Thanks very much and keep on ravin' in the free world!
Fernand: Thanks. If you ever find anything else out about our band, the Stonemen, give me a shout!

So there it be. An interview of 60's Maritime punk legends the Stonemen made possible by Maritime 90's punk legends, NFA, Bad Luck #13, and Eric's Trip. Now, I wonder if current Newfoundland noise guys Hardship Post have any info on Newfoundland 60's fuzz kings the Du-Cats? Hmm. Just wondering...

Pure Pop for Now People

"Personally, I can't get enough of it, and it's turning me into a pusher. So get out there and try it, but careful, it's addictive."

Don McSwiney,
Vox Magazine



With an all-star cast of musicians: Richard Lloyd (Televised), Robert Quine (Lou Reed, Richard Hell), Ivan Julian (Voldoids), drummers Rick Menck (Velvet Crush), Fred Maher (co-producer of Giftfriend), Ron Pangborn (Was Not Was), Pete Thomas (Elvis Costello's Attractions), Mick Fleetwood & Jody Stephens (Big Star), pedal steel/dobro player Greg Leisz (k.d. lang's Reclines), & piano player Nicky Hopkins (Beatles, Stones, John Lennon); Produced by Richard Oshut (Fleetwood Mac's Rumours & Tusk).

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On a Saturday night last May, I learned how it felt to be Danish. I'd spent the last hour or so of that evening at a Chinatown restaurant having dinner with the members of Giant Sand, a couple of friends accompanying them on their first excursion into the Pacific Northwest and some new found friends they made while in Vancouver. After a filling meal of vegetarian Chinese food in the company of six Americans and curious locals, I couldn't understand why I felt that way. The feelings I had weren't punctuated by cravings of Advocat and Havarti cheese, I was just feeling silly. (Well, I was. Thelonious Monk and Howe Gelb are both talented musicians.) During dinner I attempted to interview Howe Gelb, Sand's founder/leader/proprietor. The experience reminded me of a humorous moment from the Thelonious Monk film documentary, *Monk: Straight, No Chaser*, in which a Danish music writer asked Monk if the hats that he wore had any influence on his music. "Ha ha ha. Uh...no."

Ten years, thirteen albums and hundreds of frustrated music writers later, Gelb still finds it difficult to talk about what he does or, rather, what he's done. It isn't because he's a jerk; "I can't talk very good," he offered. "Anything you make up, I'll sign it. Anything you say, it'll be alright." For a couple of days following that first attempt I considered doing just that. But after conversing long distance with Kate "Jazz Cat" Hyman, a long-time friend of Howe's from New York, I thought it was worth another try. I'd interviewed him again when he got home and talk to a couple of his closest friends. He consented to do a second interview with me over the phone ("All that stuff they say about me is just stuff," he warned). Some help his friends turned out to be "This is very Citizen Kane-like," joked Steve Wynn. "His name was named Rosebud..."

Howe Gelb left Rosebud and the cold winters of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania behind for Tucson, Arizona. While growing up Howe learned piano and later taught himself guitar. Around 1980, Gelb formed his first of many versions of the band (known as Giant Sandworms at the time) and later completed their first record, a 7" EP pressed on white vinyl. *Will Wallow and Roam After the Rain* turned out to be the last record Gelb would make for five years. The generally accepted beginning of Giant Sand as we know it, recording-wise, began with *Valley of Rain* in 1985. *Rain* was released during a period of fascination by mostly American artists and bands to combine the intensity of west coast punk with the themes and sic. Rank and File, Green Long Ryders, The Dream Horsemen, Thin White Sidewinders, among others. Around L.A. and blasted drifters, betrayal and the ecstasies cranked to were lumped in with this start, Giant Sand stood songwriting, which dealt opposed to polemics and

The following year, turned out, fatefully gang created their second *Thin Line Man*, one of that's abundant with dis-environment it's opened songs, "Thin Line Man," belittled with a guitar. Howe's thesis paper in Neil Young. Gelb along with bassist Scott Garber, drummer Tom Larkins (who at the time was also a member of Naked Prey, another Tucson outfit) and Paula Jean Brown (a guitarist/bassist who had a short stint with the Go-Go's as Jane Wiedlin's departure replacement) were arguably the tightest version of the band, studio-wise. The influence of styles (Leaving Trains) Falling James' songs "Last Legs," a cocktail-jazz inspired song which he co-wrote with Gelb), admired predecessors (a cover of the late Johnny Thunders' "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory"), and shared contribution (Brown gets a chance to showcase a good singing voice on "The Chill Outside"), along with the other songs on the record ("A Hard Man To Get To Know," "Graveyard" and "Body Of Water") made *Ballad* a prototype for the band's future releases.

Storm followed two years later and was their third release on as many labels. Gelb

can't (and probably never will) be bothered with the wants and protocol of the business, he's too busy making music: "We basically hand the record company an ashtray," he explains, "and we tell them that's the next record. And if they're worth their weight in salt they'll sell it, whatever the fuck it is. We give them an ashtray and tell them that's a record, but we don't do demonstration ashtrays." Gelb's irreverence could easily be mistaken for irresponsibility at times. When he and long-time drummer Jon Convertino and bassist Joe Burns came to Vancouver for their Tour Pump appearance they arrived forty-minutes before the ten PM starting time because Howe drove through the border crossing three times (?). Upon arrival they set up their gear, grabbed a quick beer and played. "It used to be we didn't do a set list," explained Gelb. "Now we don't do sound checks." They didn't do sound checks. Few bands possess the shared intuition that Gelb, Burns and Convertino have live. Set lists? Soundchecks? What, um, new frontiers are left for them live? "Very soon I'm sure we'll have the technology, at an affordable cost to the average consumer, to phone in our parts. I think we could get two phone lines, actually, one is the left and one is the right..."

During the *Thin Line/Storm* period, Gelb and Brown got married and bestowed life to their daughter, Indiana, while living in Los Angeles. It was here where Howe met long-time band-mate Convertino, who was living in the same apartment building with the Gelbs. Convertino, a well rounded musician who left home at sixteen to play with a band comprised of members of his family from Oklahoma, played on Sand's fourth platter, *The Love Songs*, and has been part of the ever changing Sand roster since. *Songs* was the first of three discs released on Homestead Records, a partnership that was alternately profitable (listeners didn't have to pay stiff import prices for their discs anymore) and frustrating (Homestead were tardy in paying Howe publishing money. Check the liner notes on *Ramp*, Sand's ninth release). This disc includes some of Gelb's best chestnuts ("Wearing The Robes Of The Bible Black," "One Man's Women, No Man's Land," "Almost The Politician's Wife") and a skewed version of the Leiber/Stoller (made famous by Peggy Lee) classic "Is That All There Is?"

I remember, when I was a kid, I was watching *The Love Songs* on the whole damn T.V. set caught on fire. Dad picked me up like a football, got me out the house, and I stood there in my pyjamas watching the whole thing burn. And when it was done and the fire trucks had left I said to myself, "Is that all there is to a fire?"

Two weeks following his stay in Vancouver I called Howe at his home in Tucson and had better luck in getting him to open

up about his work over the years. "I can do almost as good a job as you could by looking back at the records and trying to figure out why they got done. Every time you do a record it puts some contrast on the record you did before." Getting Howe to talk about past work is particularly difficult, he seems to be thinking of the next set of songs. "I work on that [record] up until the point it gets done and then I'm free of it. That's when you [the listener] step into it. It's something you can touch and hear, almost taste. They talk about how it sounds, tastes and flies with you. But I couldn't even touch on that. It's not for me to do. It's not for anyone to listen to me to do either. I'd be wasting their time and my own."

Gelb also finds it a chore to talk about songwriting, probably due to the fact that he doesn't think too much about it. He goes ahead with a welcome dose of modesty, "I don't think I've ever done the best next morning there's a baby in a basket on the front step." "It's not completely unconscious, probably more subconscious, although there have been periods of unconsciousness. A song wrote itself down last night. It's a great old country song. It could have just as well been around for sixty-years. Maybe it was, I don't know. I don't know why it's not right to come around. I didn't sit down to think about the thing. You get something, you hear things. I don't even understand the principle of radio waves. My daughter asked me last night as we passed three big radio towers how little and skinny the towers were for people to hear. I was trying to explain that there no one lives in those towers, but she wouldn't have any of it. She didn't get the fact that they're there to make the radio work. I could technically explain it to her but, I still didn't really believe that there were waves floating around all the time. Maybe somebody wrote that country song sixty-years ago. With the earth spinning the way it does it's catching up to the spot where it was sixty-years ago and it's hearing it. I'm the antenna that has him figured out probably better than anyone: 'Howe's from the school where you throw the paint against the wall and describe it later.'"

Out in the desert in and around Tucson, with all that open space, you'd think that Howe chose to live there to improve his reception of those waves (or "sonics" as he likes to put it). It's part and parcel with Giant Sand's identity. But Howe's lived in L.A. and even New York, and he can do it there... "I could do it anywhere, definitely. I don't want to rely on that." Wynn, a long-time friend of Gelb's, agrees. "He's lived in Pennsylvania and Arizona, the desert and Hollywood, and has retained the things he does through all of that," said Wynn. "He's not too fond of L.A. though..."

One man's harp can be another man's crutch. "You can't blame your environment on the mess you make sonically," said Gelb. "If it does I don't want to be aware of it. I don't think that Thelonious Monk would make any different music if he was out here in Tucson..." The last three years I was literally out in the middle of nowhere in Rimrock, and that was cool, but I found myself loving it so much that I wasn't available for other things. Even though it's a few hours out here in Tucson, L.A. seems like being in Tucson. Maybe it's just the schools and the kid. It just seems like I'm busier here. I think it's age more than anything. In the next few years I'll have the most energy to get some work done and then go back to the middle of nowhere."

Long Stem Rant, released in 1989, qualifies as the strangest release Gelb & Co. have to offer. Recorded shortly after his divorce from Rosebud, *Rant* is a collection of filled out songs ("Searchlight," "Sucker In A Cage"), stop and starts ("Smash Jazz," "Long About Now"), and sound bites. Gelb and Convertino put *Rant* together during a single weekend, in a red shack outside of Tucson, with long-time engineer Eric Westfall writing all the songs during their stay there. Besides "Searchlight" and "Sucker," two other classics on the record are "Loving Cup" ("Now sit alone without a crowd, his hurt is silent, but his pain is loud") and "Bloodstone," a heaping dose of metallic b.o. chronicling an experience with a collection agent ("Knock knock knocking, knocking knock, go away. Don't need to say you, go away..."). Gelb's weapons of choice for the record (and for most of his career) are acoustics or electric acoustics enhanced with lots of volume, distortion and a little bit of the electric/acoustic was made by Harmony, whose guitars were mostly made for and bought at Sears). Convertino favours simple, no-frills kits: the Ludwig kit that he played here looked like a beginner's kit. Convertino's drums were

The informality of the atmosphere Gelb sets in the studio is appreciated by his many friends who have contributed to his recordings in the past. Chris Cavacas, the former Green On Red keyboardist (now the leader of his own band, Junkyard Love), has been a contributor to Sand both live and on virtually every record since *Valley of Rain*. "Thinking about those sessions, they were always real loose and a great time. Convertino and I... Sometimes he'll have an idea and want me to play a specific thing, and I don't have a problem with it, sometimes he leaves it up to me. Him [Gelb] being a keyboard player himself, he would hear certain melodic ideas and would have me play on his interpretation." Cavacas also appreciates Howe's not often heard piano stylings, which often resemble one of his favourite players: "I just love hearing other



people play," said Cacavas. "Even Jon Convertino will sit down at the piano and amazing stuff will come out of his fingertips. But Howe has a real cool style, very Monk inspired."

Former Dream Syndicate leader, now solo performer, Steve Wynn (who recently completed a disc with a band comprised of old friends called Outterball) finds Gelb's spontaneous approach to recording especially pleasurable. "It's very inspiring to go into the studio with someone where you play the song once through and say 'I think I'm ready to do the take now,' and he'd say 'that was the take. Next'. There's stuff that everyone on the track played but would have played again. They would have played it better or sanded down their first impression to the point where it's a little more average, competent, boring. He goes for the best moment where you're still fascinated and discovering."

Wynn and Gelb played on each other's 1990 releases, Steve adding guitar to *Sverve* ("My only lead-guitar work, ever," bemoaned Wynn) with Howe returning the favour on Wynn's solo platter, *Kerosene Man*. As it turns out, Gelb is just as dedicated to making it work on projects other than his own. "There's a song on there called 'Caroly'n,'" remembered Wynn, "that he was originally going to play solo on (Howe's "fringed lunatic" guitar is heard on the creepy song "Younger"). He came to a rehearsal before we did the record and played a solo that was amazing. I had it recorded on a tiny, twenty-dollar recorder and thought 'this is the perfect solo'. We brought him in to do the record, I played it for him and said, 'This was great what you did, just do this here'. He can't do anything twice. It's not that he won't, he can't. We spent about five hours trying to get him to replay this one moment he had in a rehearsal room before realizing he had to play the same thing twice and end up being mental. He was such a good sport about it. He was sleeping on my couch at the time and he took the tape home. I heard him until seven in the morning trying to duplicate the solo and it just couldn't happen."

Sverve assembled an all-star cast. Included with Wynn and Cacavas were Mark Walton (Wynn's ex-bandmate & bassist with Dream Syndicate), Blake Baby Juliana Hatfield, frequent contributor Falling James, several members of the Austin, Texas band Poi Dog Pondering, ex-band member Brown (who is presently the bassist for Wynn's backing band) and many others. The following year Giant Sand made *Rumpy*, which became their first release on Restless Records—Restless plan to re-issue the entire Sand back-catalogue.

Throughout Giant Sand's existence, Demon (and its satellite label Zippo) have kept their music circulating in Europe, where sales of their records are healthy enough to enable them to tour

there regularly. One of these tours provided one of the funniest (and more gruesome) Sand stories ever heard. As told by Mr. Cacavas: "At the end of this show in Cologne, we're walking home, kind of loose, we had a good show, drank some beers. We were at a train station, walking towards the hotel, and we saw a set of escalators completely abandoned. As a kid, you always wanted to run up the down escalator or vice-versa, so we were like, 'Yeah, let's shave races'. So we all go down to the bottom. I did the first run because I was feeling giddy, so I ran up and made pretty good time. Boosta, the tour manager, ran up and ended up gouging his knee up near the top. Howe was next. He was making pretty good time. He's a pretty lanky guy and he's hauling up this down escalator, which was pretty funny and surreal looking. He wipes out and smashes his knee open. Those guys are taken to the top and they had to crawl the last few steps. It was pretty pathetic. When they went to the Hospital the next day to have their wounds looked at, Howe had a couple of half-inch gouges that he put a couple of dots above for eyes, and he started making them sing. We have all of this on video-tape. It's pretty hysterical, so if you ever need video documentation..."

Ramp was Joe Burns' first record with Giant Sand on a record that kept the guests to a timely minimum. Victoria Williams plays banjo and sings on many of the songs (including a duet with Howe on "Wonder") and Pappy Allen, a local country singer/songwriter Gelb met in one of his many forays into the desert, sings on a memorable cover of "Welcome To My World." Gelb seems to have no shortage of friends and they all invariably end up on his records. One listen to Gelb's accumulative madness by a mainstream country music fan might leave them scratching their head, especially if they knew that someone of Lucinda Williams' stature had ever made a record with him. But there she is, her name spelled Lucienda (she was experiencing problems with her record company at the time), on a duet with Howe's "Burning Desire." A Gelb original that's part of *Sage Advice*, one of three records Gelb has made under the moniker of Blacky Ranchette. Ranchette is Gelb's conduit for exploring country music, whether it's with previously recorded songs, intended originals, and/or covers.

With the release of *Center of the Universe*, Giant Sand appear to finally be ready to attract some long deserved attention. If they don't, people will catch up with them eventually. "People get bored with a certain kind of music after awhile," said Gelb. "You get the few who are saturated enough and look for the dissonance, the new rhythms, the new melodies...something that's pushing the envelope. Whether it's months or years later, the multitude of people will find that acceptable."

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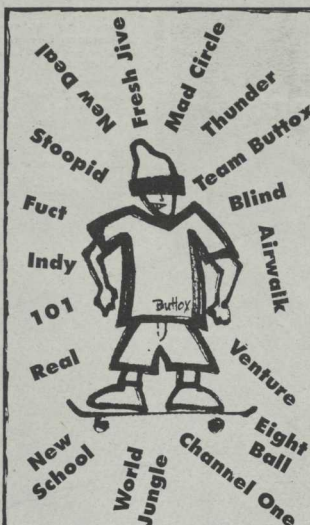
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Demo recordings hold a certain amount of fascination whenever they're made available, especially those made by artists who have compiled a large body of work over time. Depending on circumstances, you may get the opportunity to hear a different, maybe even better, version of a song that's more endearing than a polished, intended rendering. A simplified arrangement, less (or more) instrumentation or varied recording quality because of crappy equipment or technical ignorance may sway your preference. The pressure musicians face in attempting to turn in a perfect take, especially when bed tracks (bass and drums) are recorded, can turn well adjusted, laid back players into neurotic, sniping egg walkers. Recording demos, in most cases, doesn't involve that kind of pressure, that is if the band is already signed. All they're really meant to accomplish is to give a band (or a prospective record label) an idea of where they are.

Steve Wynn of Gutterball felt that way a little over a year ago when he and old friends Bryan Harvey and Johnny Hott of House Of Freaks, former Long Ryder Stephen McCarthy and ex-Silos bassist Bob Rupe stumbled into a Richmond, Virginia studio to record some songs he and Harvey had written. "It was really only meant to become a notebook type of thing," stated Wynn. "We had one evening of studio time and went in and threw

the stuff on tape, all first takes, all live, just so we'd have things to listen to later on. It's gone from that to being a record."

As it turned out *Gutterball* (Mute/WEA) is an enjoyably ragged collection of mistakes, performances and good songs. Following two fairly polished solo offerings on Rhino Records' now defunct RNA label, Wynn's contribution to *Gutterball* (he sang lead and played guitar on the disc's twelve cuts) is the rawest and arguably best work he's done in years. "Usually the first record you ever do is pretty primitive and live. This is actually more live, more raw, than anything I've done, even more than the first *Demo Syndicate* record."

Considering the cumulative experience on *Gutterball*'s rolls it's hard to believe that any of these guys (especially Wynn, who's had previous producing credit) could be lost in a studio. They weren't, but: "We did everything wrong," explained Wynn of their self-production methods, which resulted in a disc that has its share of amusing but non-damaging problems. "We put all the amps in the same room with no baffles; I sang live in the same room with the other guys and a monitor that was blasting in the room; the kick drum mikes fell over half-way through the session—we didn't know when, we just noticed that it had fallen over; and we recorded at half speed on much used tape. We did everything wrong because we didn't know we were making a record. We're very fortunate that we didn't know we were making a record because if we put more time and care into this thing it wouldn't be nearly as good."

Virtually issued in the record, it was recorded (except

for the opener "Trial Separation Blues" and closer "Blessing In Disguise") the recordings have remarkable clarity despite the bleeding prevalent throughout. When it came time to mix the tapes, though, editing on some songs was impossible. Such was the case with "Motorcycle Boy" and its distinctive (some think annoying) backing vocals: "We were thinking, 'You know, those background vocals kind of get on your nerves after a while. Let's cut them out of half the song.' When they came up we pressed mute and figured they'd be out of there but they kept singing. We realized that they were singing so loud in the room while we were tracking it, they were singing like lunatics while we were doing the basic track, that they got caught on tape and we're stuck with 'em." The band's recording methods weren't the only aspect of the session that was casual: "We had a bunch of guys sitting around with whiskey and a lot of spunk(?) and that's what came out of it. I hear that's going to be the second single, which cracks me up."

Like the recording quality of the disc, the playing lacks some of the polish that Wyndicate-Ryder-Silo and Freaks fans are used to, but on record they're a tight, cohesive band and it isn't by accident. Since moving back to their hometown of Richmond, Harvey and drummer Hott have expanded their little two-piece into a foursome, bringing to it McCarthy's (another Richmond native who returned home after another band he fronted in L.A. failed to get noticed) deft Telecaster touch and Rupe's bass for touring. The results of this move are in evidence throughout.

"There wasn't much planning for the record but there was enough chemistry there where if Steven looked at Bryan a certain way, Bryan knew he was taking the solo."

Harvey's role in the endeavour is equally as substantial as Wynn's. Having known Wynn during his time in Los Angeles, Harvey left him an open invitation to visit him in Richmond. As soon as he completed work on his 1992 solo effort, *Dazzling Display*, Wynn travelled East on a writing junkie (including a stop in Nashville) and took Harvey up on the invite, with immediate results. "We hit it off great and wrote eight songs in two days," said Wynn, who in a decade-plus songwriting career has very few collaborative efforts on his resume. "I'm not a big fan of collaborating because in my head I hear what I want to hear. I've found that collaborating usually means compromising what you want and getting something bland in the end." Maybe he's finally found an ideal partner. "In this situation it really changed. We've gotten together since then so it wasn't just the luck of a certain two day period. He's a Southern gentleman, very easy-going, friendly, patient, with a good sense of humour. All those good things work for co-writing. Bryan would show me a riff and I'd come up with some ridiculous lyrics. I remember Chevy's (his car) songwriting coming on two tracks) and rain... We were egging each other on and it became a good spirited 'can you top this' (contest) more than a serious writing session."

The curse of affluence ("Top Of The Hill"), today's seeming surplus of "rebels" ("Motorcycle Boy") and hope in a stalled relationship ("When You Make Up Your Mind") are a few of the themes they cover. Rounding out the record are the songs written solely of Wynn's hand, the most endearing being the Weill/Cohen flavoured "One By One," a tale of an out of work out of luck copy writer clinging to existence in New York. "It was actually a reject from my last two albums" clarified Wynn. "My manager has been trying to flog that song off for years." Wynn's previous background as a sports writer bears questioning on how much resemblance he has to the song's character: "I was never so much of a loser as the guy in the song," clarified Wynn. "I never wrote for *Rolling Stone* and I never fired from a newspaper, though, okay, I missed a few deadlines...."



by Rob Harrison

Sam the Record Man

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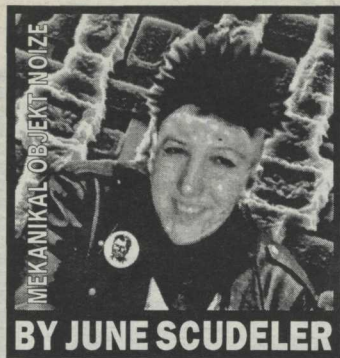
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Yo, "Future Rap" is in the house once again! Stat!s things off is the impressive soundtrack to *Menace II Society* (GIVE). Spice 1, Too Short and Ant Banks come out strong with classic west coast bass-ed-funk with the Bankster's "Packin' a Gun" being the funkiest, live, Parliament-style keyboard jam ever. Brand Nubian gave a strong showing for the east coast with their track "Lick Dem Muthaphuckas," as does BDP with a remake of "D Is Still" from back in '86. Da Lench Mob, DJ Quick and the Underground Kings also kick out some dope, as does Mz Kilo with her track "All Over a Ho," produced by Cold 187 from Above the Law. All in all, one hell of a soundtrack.

Next up is the **Jungle Brothers** with their third release, the newest since *Done by the Forces of Nature*, *I Beez Wit the Remedy* (Warner Bros.). A lot of their stuff is hard to get to with hip hop/ noise/found sound exploration tracks but there is no denying the lyrical flow and originality in the straight-up slamin' tracks like "40 Below Trooper," "Book of Rhyme Pages" and "Good Ole Hype Shit." My overall impression of the album is that there are a few good hits, but they're lost the strong feeling by experimenting too much. Then again, it is starting to grow on me.

There's a new female rapper on the scene and her name is **Boss**. Her debut album *Born Gangsta* (DJ West/Columbia), comes off strong and hardens with the enlisted help of a lot of different producers: Def Jef handles most of the tracks, including the outstanding "Deeper" and "Progress of Elimination," while Erick Sermon, KAM (her brother), MC Serch and Jam Master Jay each take a pair. I think Boss is gonna give Nikki D a run for her money as the hardest of the female rappers, although the

competition in the female rap scene has matured now. Listen to "A Blind Date With Boss" or "Catch A Bad One" and you'll know what I mean.

On the female rap tip, the original gangstress **Yo Yo** is back with her third album *Yo Better Ask Somebody*. This one picks up where her first one ended. You can forget her second one— with Ice Cube overseen— things once again there are a whole bunch of producers helmin' out with this one, each of their different flavours giving a good fresh feel to the album. "Givin' It Up" and "Westside Story" are the funkiest for my money with "The Bonnie and Clyde Theme" and "B.W. Wit My Crewin'" sure to get a lot of play. "Pass It On" features some smooth flow from IBWC (Intelligent Black Women's Coalition) members Nicki Nack, Sukki, Chann, Lady "T," Shorty and Dawn talkin' bout the Sess. Sounds like Yo Yo's back in the fold with a smoother more mature flow and more flavour. Check it out.

KAM, another righteous nigger that Ice Cube has hoisted out of the L.A. ghettos (not to get away from it, but to explain the life and problems of it while making funky music for) onto his Street Knowledge label, is kickin' knowledge like nobody on the west coast has done before for his debut, *Neva Again* (Eastwest Records). I mean he's got the muthaphunkin' P-funk so deep it could be 'columbia' y'all even if the tracks were instrumental. Add to that some commentary on the L.A. riots, the Bloods/ Crips' peace treaty, the teachings of the Nation of Islam, the irrelevance of most of Amerikkka's holidays... the list goes on. KAM don't just come and delivers with all the flow of a veteran. Deeper than you think and highly recommended.

On the flip, **Young MC**

Yes, there is life in the Vancouver industrial scene and a network made up of musicians and supporters of industrial/noise/ambient music (which I am a part of) are meeting quite regularly. We're looking to put on a show soon and if you're interested in participating, or just looking for info, feel free to give me a call at 753-9923. On a wider scope, here's what's happening internationally.

Rivet Head Culture (If I Move Records) is a various compilation claiming to be unrestrained, dance-, digor-, banger. Some familiar names like New-Aggression Beat and Chemba appear, but the nifty surprise is the self-titled track by Raw Dog, with vocals by none other than Ogrs and assistance from Purple produce Dave "Rave" Ogilvie. It stands out immediately with its obvious Purple sound and lyrics, which are Ogrs' statements about vivisection. Also, it's low-tech spontaneity separates it from the overwroughtness of the remaining tracks. Nothing about *Rivet Head Culture* stands out get a friend to buy it and tape the dog.

German funksters **Einsätzende Neubauten** have two new CDs out on

Muse, called *Malediction* and *Intention* which continue the tradition of *Tahda Rasa* with its still-life motif and gate-fold sleeves. "Thoughts" and "Ring My Bell" are featured on both *Intention* and *Malediction* while *Malediction* includes the French, English and Japanese versions of "Blame," the deceptively sweet and lush, futuristic and "Unique Media Demos," a military chant to a snare drum and English vocals. It clips around at a good pace and highlights Neubauten's choral abilities as well.

Intention, as might be expected, has two versions of the *Tahda Rasa* track, "The Intention/Intention," a gentler English version and a longer German one. "Salamandrin," which starts off with what sounds like a witches incantation and incorporates Blixa's wordy howls, clips and lost drums, becomes quite eerie with the band's vocal repetition of the title. You'd have to be pretty hard hearted not to be moved by "Salamandrin."

Local releases include, and there are a few of them, **Numb's Death on the *Intention* label, *Constitution Records*. This is Numb's first release to date, a while and benefits from the production of Ken**

"Hunt" Marshall. With titles like "Violence," "Hole and Core," you get the general idea that this is not an upbeat CD. Numb's sound seemingly hasn't changed that much, with the exception of a few aggressive tracks, and therefore they sound a bit dated. Their few less-structured tracks like "A Dead Place," which start quietly and kick into pseudo-metal song, are pretty good but would work a lot better and make Numb sound a bit more up to date if they bled them into the agro parts.

More general mayhem comes from **Hole** on their latest CD titled *Like the Rodeo* (Netwerk). Hli's lineup includes Skinny Puppy members Cevin and Dwayne, Legendary Pink dots members Edward Kasel, Silver Man and Marys De Kler, the addition to Vancouverites Ryan Moore and Dave Ogilvie. *Shells Like the Rodeo* starts off splendidly with musty reggae and broadens into very playful reggae keyboards and a weird narrative courtesy of Mr. Kasel, for the true track. It sounds like lots of De green guy was involved, so lots of trippiness here.

The first demo cassette I received from the mysterious **Zorly Mandy** was

got his bass down on this release. You can feel it kick on that other level on almost all of the tracks) and that classic 2Pac vocal effect of pitch shifting an octave down is almost as characteristic as what Too Short does to his voice. Redman's still rappin' about how he grew up without a father, which is cool, but, for the most part, it's gettin' a little bit thin now. A decent release.

Hittin' ten years since they dropped their first bomb, **Run DMC** are still going strong with their latest, *Down With The King* (Profile). The reason this works is because Run DMC got themselves a lot of help from some heavyweights of the industry, instantly updating their sound to keep with the times. The killer title track features Pete Rock produc'n', Q-Tip doing his thang on "Come On Everybody," and EPMD and Kay Gee of Naughty By Nature having their way behind the board as well. With the classic Jam Master Jay scratches and the unique Run DMC style raps there is no

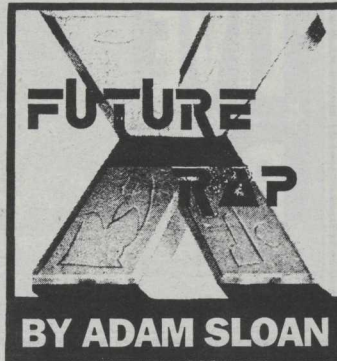
Malediction. Beyond the new-age sound and image of the previous releases, I was intrigued by the nifty photocopy cover of a Clive Barker illustration and the fact that I had never heard anything else like it in Vancouver. Another cassette followed a couple of months later, *I Did It My Way*, which was equally as nifty. It has a false start of a scratchy record being taken off, then being put back on, followed by an exploding bomb. Small sections of radio and TV broadcasts are also overlaid to form some sort of beat. I don't know if this is for sale, but keep your eyes open, it's good and it's local.

Purple doesn't consider himself to be a true musician: "I find things that make noise, whether that be electronic or acoustic and I use them in my audio art." *Intention* was spontaneously produced and edited from a file tape recorded during a trip to Long Beach. This is nicely focused noise and it's fun trying to identify what's going on; including bits of conversations on the ferry/cable. Purple works under the name *Intention* and has his tapes for sale at Blue Records. Again, it's local and worth picking up.

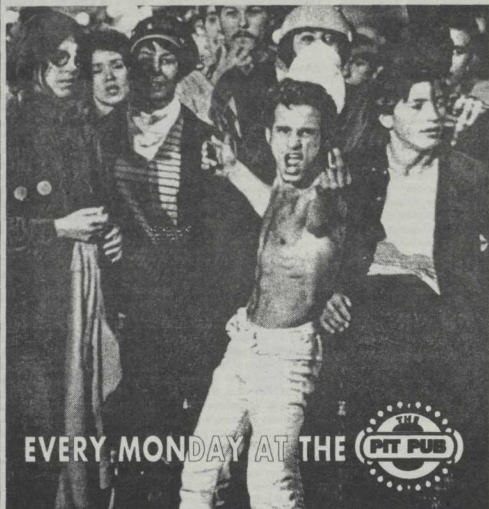
doubt who you're listening to. Look, man, no shoalness!

Last on the list for this issue is **Da Youngsters** with their debut, *The Aftermath* (Eastwest). Adding to the young-kid mob of rappers including Kris Kross, Da Youngsters are more talented (if they're writing their own raps) and have a harder sound. But they're still too young. Their beats, although they are hardcore, are very generic and uncreative, and there are no dynamics to either the beats or the raps. Da Youngsters sound prefabricated like New Edition and other kid R&B groups of ten years ago. I'm sure Da Youngsters will turn out with their own flavour in a few years and start makin' their own beats to complement it, but right now I'll pass.

Well waddya know? [Chicken butt? ed.] It's over for another couple. Rapper of the month goes to KAM for bringin' forth the knowledge and understanding, as well as his P-funkified beats. Peace Out!



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Welcome back, children, and salutes of admiration to all the Vancouver bands who have released 7" singles this summer! It's amazing for this town, let me tell ya. And the good thing is, on the whole, most of the singles are of quality (listenin'). Geez, I guess we do have a purdy good scene going here. Now all we need are some venues....

First up on the listening roster is **The Hanson Brothers'** follow-up 7", their amazing debut LP, *Gross Misconduct*. This mama's on the Hanson's own *Worn Records* and features two new tunes: "Brad," a humorous, rockin'-hokey, re-make of *Nonesano's* dark and dreadful "Dad," and "There Goes That Kid" on the flipside; an other bonafide punk-pounder about some dirty li'l creep. Total Goombah.

Vancouver's ever-popular **Sparkmarker** have released their second single on *Selfless Records* of Texas! Congrats to the "Marker for spreadin' out their extremely powerful, angst-fueled punk rage worldwide. Once again, a great pack-aging job complete with a beautiful hand-screened cover. All in all, a great record. (*Selfless*, 2157 Pueblo Garland, Texas 75040 USA)

Then there's the combo that surprised us all, those saucy bitches we call **Cub**. Back for round two in the 7" circle, the babes who can do no wrong have given us *Hot Dog Day*: six more songs of their now-trade-mark, minimalist sexy pop crunch. Like their first, this EP is as catchy and original as ever though some of that girly innocence may be long gone—take for instance the tune "Through My Hoop," a song of uncontrolled, uncircumsized, cub-popping, lust-filled madness. However great this record may

be, that 20-second, cuddle-core poem at the end (sung/recited by some faceless, cutesy audio-boy) makes me wanna barf all over the seven inches of hard stuff cub have given me. By the way, it's Superior and Huron! (Mint, #669-810, West Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9).

Man, oh man, Vancouver bands are really spreading out. **The Worst** have released a four song EP *Tunes From The Tomb* on Screaming Apple Records out of Germany. What we got here is a snot-filled horror show of garage-rock at a copy-cat level of brutality. Definitely the most cryptic thing to come out of Vancouver since the Painted Ship sailed up the charts with "Little White Lies" in '67. (Screaming Apple, Dustemichrist, 14, 5000 Kuls 41, Germany)

I'm guessing that the guys (at Scratch Records have a very warped sense of humour and very tolerable ears to put out something as musically inept as their new split single by **Nimrod** and **Roughage**

BRAD



Masonna. Picture Yoda and the Terminator getting together and jamming. The A-side is pure noise, whereas the B-side of this unlistenable chunk is a noise/karaoke version of the 60's hit "Calender Girl." And that, therefore, is absolute crap. (Scratch, 317A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2N4)

Now look out, kids, cuz from the mountainous wilds of North Van comes forth the viking metal band **Thorsen**, armed and ready for battle with their debut single on Tacoma's **Meat Records**. Pressed on nothing but the best of viking vinyl, these metalheads attack three tunes with a lotta rock energy and a whole lotta nerve.

"Across The Fjord" is the instahit here: a pop-metal pillage that would make even the harshest banger turn the shag for a second toke. Produced by Conrad Uno "whistler wearing helmet." Expect a full-length horn o' plenty in Sept. (Meat Records, 1220 S. 120th St., Tacoma, WA 98444 USA)

And the final local offering is from 1992 Shindig winners **Brand New Unit**. Surely one of the best bands to win Shindig in recent years, Brand New Unit actually represent what's happenin' in the scene right now. Reminiscent of old-school Vancouver punks **Curious George**, mixed with contemporary Yankee hit-makers like **Green Day** or **NOFX**, BNU hit the mark with a no-holds-



barred pop punk attack. My sole complaint is that they could have just come clean with the guys (at Scratch Records have a very warped sense of humour and very tolerable ears to put out something as musically inept as their new split single by **Nimrod** and **Roughage**

Now let's move on to the rest of Canada. Eastward into Edmonton we find **Lurch**, who have put out a four song, very dirty 7" entitled *Peet My Pussy*. Check this song title: "Fist Me With Your Wrist-Watch On" ...no thanks, babe. Gladly, lo-fi, riot girl gone bad record. (Smilin' Skull Records, 35 Greystone Cres., Sherwood Park, AB T8A 3E3)

Over in Toronto and not quite so abrasive to my ears are the fabulous **Leather Uppers**, who, this time, have done a split single with San Francisco's **icky Boyfriends**. The Uppers spew out two more tunes of two-piece (guitar and drums), trashy, Cramp-style rock 'n' roll (more surly than the first 7") and the icky Boyfriends have come up with some cool shit for the flip: poppy crap (in a good way) in the vein of fellow-Friscers

Pansy Division or the now-defunct Supercharger. Check out "Toenails"; a complete Kinks rip-off. (Famous Records, P.O. Box 32, Station P, Toronto, ON, M5S 2S6).

Further East still we come to one of Canada's more steadily growing labels, the indie-punk stable of Montreal's **En Guard Records**. First up is a new one by the **Ripcordz**, whose singer Paul Gott runs the label. Politically-fueled, '77-erapunk, much like the Dickies or the Dead Boys but more angrier and Canadian. The three tunes are primarily rooted around the departure of the Mulroney administration and are so political, in fact, that they almost come off like a long, musical guilt trip directed towards the listener. Couple that with the singer's hoarse growl and it's pretty hard to sit through this one to the end. Could be that the songs just aren't that great.

That's where **Stand GT** come in. Formally **The Stand**, these guys have changed their name but the music stays the same: fast, solid, energetic rock 'n' roll. Check out the catchy snare poundin' "No Way Out" for a shakin' good time. The final installment from the En Guard label is a *Halifax Punk Rock Split 7"* featuring **The Shitheads** and **No Offense**. You can probably guess that the Shitheads are all about sloppy, shitty hard-core punk. The recording is ripe and fairly amusing yet instantly forgettable. Then there's **No Offense**. Where do I start? These dudes have possibly the worst recording sound live ever heard. Limp, lame punk but I still manage a grain of respect for their effort. (En Guard, 1611 St. Hubert, Montreal, PQ H2L 3Z1)

The Maritimes' redeem-

stand GT



ing quality, however, comes in the form of Montreal's **Eric's Trip** and their new 7" EP, *Songs for Chris*, on Sub Pop Records. Now this is good Canadian rock: original, fuzzy,

warm and grungy. It's all here for the indie-rock enthusiast, and that's one of the best things about **Eric's Trip**: diversity. One tune they'll softly play a fuzzy lullaby and the next they'll explode with super rock

power with them is that they always release the same songs on different records! For instance, **MTX** have given **Top Drawer** "Togger Tonight" (which is a fantastic song of ragin' pop-punk), but it's already been on TWO other records, making this side of the single pointless! Luckily, the single **Sicko** is there to save with a gleeful punk title, entitled "80 Dollars Hard." They deliver with honest, youthful excitement. Screaming Weasel watch out! (Top Drawer Records, 4219 5th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98106, USA)

Question: So whatta get when you take the best of the New York '70's scene, namely the Dictators, Ramones, and the Heartbreakers, throw 'em into a blender, put it onto the handy "fuck-up" mode, and send it to **Slack!** Answer: **The Thankless Dogs**. Given those ingredients you better believe they rock, and damn hard. They got two kickin' singles out on **Bag Of Hammers** so check 'em out.... (Bag Of Hammers Records, P.O. Box 928, Seattle, WA 98111 USA)

Peach is a new group from Seattle which features **Rick Roberts**, ex-bassist of Seattle's pop-meisters the **Posies**, but this uninspired rock sounds more like **Led Zeppelin** than the **Posies**. **Snore...** (Sybil Records, 2319 N. 45th, Box 157, Seattle, WA 98103 USA)

K Records, out of Olympia have released a whole bunch of singles in their International Pop Underground Series that I've got to catch up on and **Estrus** rockers **Gravel** (who I believe are from the fine town of Gig Harbour, Washington) were solicited to put out #XXIX in the series. "Yes-terday," the A-side, is a mournful, folkie-garage tune a la the **Byrds**, and the B-side, "In Your Eye," gets it all-rockin' with an intense **Stooges/Fluid** blast from the crypt. Good stuff.

#XXXIV comes from a bizarre DC combo called **The Brief Woods** who deliver an EP entitled *Songs Of Innocence And Experience*. Beside the full frontal nudity on the cover of a man, woman, boy and girl, the music is a strange mix of sounds harkening from the **Beach Boys' Pet Sounds**, to **Spinal Tap's "Listen To The Flower People"**. Fairly psychedelic and, frankly, boring.

Lastly, my fave new release on the most recent I.P.U. Vol. XXXVII, is **Tiger Trap's** sweet as honey, all girl, Beat Happening-meets-Heavenly, love rockin' 7" slab. Magnetic as hell, it's a must have. Oh, how nice it is to end the column with such a pleasant gold-ringer! (K, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507 USA)



power. A great release and the kids'll love the title of the last song: "Dinosaur." (Sub Pop)

Descending back into the States, to the inevitable Seattle, first and foremost on the list is **The Fallouts** new 7", "This is Mine b/w Jealous Kind," on **Regal Select Records**. To put it bluntly as



possible this is more amazing rock 'n' roll from the most underrated band in Seattle. (Regal Select, P.O. Box 986, Issaquah, WA 98027 USA)

Top Drawer Records are a fairly new label from Seattle and so far they're off to a fine start. Top Drawer's first 7" release happens to be the last thing we will ever hear from **Stumpy Joe**, another sadly underrated Emerald City combo who just recently broke up. The A-side of this farewell is a hard garage rocker titled "Sugar and Glue" (dig the **Ramones**-ish harmonies), and the B-side is a cool, unplugged **Stumpy Joe** John Sebastian's classic TV theme "Welcome Back" (Kotter). A swell single and a tearful goodbye.

Next up from Top Drawer is a split single between **San Fran's Mr. T Experience** and **Seattle's Sicko**. Now every body probably knows that I really love **MTX**, but my one big



UNDER REVIEW

GIRL TROUBLE New American Shame (Empty/Cargo)

It must be a real drag having your name always mentioned on the tail-end of Seattle. Despite that Tacoma has the ability to produce rockers! The new album (their third) shakes yer butt in new 'n' wordy ways with a dozen over-the-top classics of American music. Girl Trouble's style is straight-ahead '60s-type trash rock a la Count Five, Kingmen, etc., Singer K.P. Kendall has a bellow that would put Lux Interior to shame and Kabuna's guitar has this choice vintage sound most would kill

for. The LP doesn't let up one bit as the band goes wild in their frenzy of raw energy, ripping through songs like "To Tame A Woman" (featuring 80-year old go-go dancer Granny Go-Go), "House of Stone", "Ritual of the Lame", and... well you get the idea. Go buy it.

Moto

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION Extra Width (Matador)

With this, their third long player, Spencer & co. move into some decidedly different territory from... Presents Jams



In *The Crypt Style*, namely blackplottation movie soundtracks like *Black Caesar*, *Dolomite*, and *Blackbelt Jones* to name a few.

Right off the bat there's "Afro," the LP's opening theme, complete with cheese-driven organ, and "Soul Typecast" which has Jon shouting "Don't you know there's gonna be trouble!" while Blackbelt Jones takes on those ten guys in the car wash, flyin' fiststyle. Then after a long day's fightin' it's time for a little maxin' and relaxin' at the local live palace with the sounds of "Train #2" to keep things rollin' well into the night.

But for the secret agents of balls-o'-fire rawk and roll, the night never ends, "Cuz 'Inside the World of the Blues Explosion' can be a cold and lonely place, if they don't have damn fine music like this to keep them goin'."

Bryce Dunn

SMUGGLERS In The Hall of Fame (Popluma)

The Smugglers' latest offering is a damn fine, post-modern, non-vinyll(!) musical treat. The Smugglers' sound has kinda always been distinctive because it's a bit of a throwback to the music coming out of Vancouver in the late fifties and early sixties (remember "Latromotion" or the Nocturnal?), Somehow the boys have managed to capture that spunky, innocent, fun-rock sound and warp it so that it becomes not-so-innocent, downright naughty, and unmistakably contemporary. What's cha gettin' this vague feeling like the Smugglers are an anachronistic band who have blended the earnest unpretentiousness of the fifties with the frank insolence of the nineties (Yeah, whatever, I'm so full of shit). What also makes this CD post-modernish is its mix of old and new songs, twenty in all. There's stuff on here from the *Atlanta Whiskey Flats* and *At Marineland* LP's and the *At Germany 7* as well as seven brand spankin' new tunes. There's no point in trying to select favourite songs because they are all so damn good but check out the exotic "mandolin playing on track 4 (Bourbon 92), it's magical. I really can't praise this CD enough. Within the first few minutes of listening to it, if you're not dancing, or at least smiling,

then you'd best check yourself into a home for the terminally mundane. Even in this post-modern, overly-analytical world, like the first track says, "rock n' roll was never this fun." Cheesy, but true.

Kirsty Smith

AL DIMEOLA'S WORLD SINFONIA

Heart of the Immigrant (Justin Time Records)

I've never been to Argentina and I don't know if I'd really want to go. What with *coup d'etat*, hyper-inflation, soccer riots and a lack of hockey, I don't think I could handle it. However, that's not to say that Argentina's culture can't be enjoyed here to a limited extent. Al Dimeola's latest release, *Heart of the Immigrant*, brings across that culture quite well on the many tango-esque songs composed almost exclusively by the guitarist Dimeola and songwriter Astor Piazzolla.

This isn't a regionally-exclusive world music album, though. Besides the rendition of "Sunday My Prince Will Come" tribute to Miles Davis, performed by guitar and bandoneon only, as is most of the album, there's a song which gives a definite feeling of being in a *Northern Exposure* forest before it died from pollution. The recording itself is excellent. With a full sound achieved by the four members of the band,

and perhaps because of that, there isn't any shredding on par with most of Dimeola's earlier work. Instead the playing is slow and subtle.

The music discussed in *Discorder* is considered to be alternative by most people, but from a global perspective so much of it is only a slight variation of contemporary North American and European pop/rock. While Al Dimeola has toyed with some of its variants from time to time, this is not one of those times. So, if you'd like to hear something that's truly alternative, yet don't want to go for some "authentic" local players, this CD is a great place to start.

Brian Wieser

KING COBB STEELIE (Raw Energy/A&M)

I saw these guys before I heard their CD, so I was expecting the sort-of-Dinosaur-ish stuff they played live from the CD. But King Cobb Steelie are much more varied and experimental than they present live. This Toronto-based act can combine the Mascia-type playing and qualade-induced vocals with groovy melodies and original uses of the usual chords. There are also tons of nifty sample-based experimental bits in between such great song titles as "Dangerous Dangling Arm" and "Time=Money. Money=Pizza." (therefore) Time=Pizza." The band can shift

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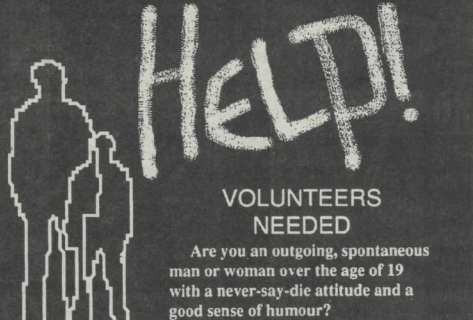
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from melodic pop, to funky, Furnace Face-ish grooves, to strange loops, to heaviness within the same album. Definitely worthwhile.

Moto

FLAT DUO JETS

Safari
(Norton)

This could probably be considered a "fans-only" LP as this isn't exactly new material (we'll have to wait until later this month on Sky Records), but instead a smattering of stuff from previously unreleased lo-fi cassettes. Don't dismay tho', as these tunes showcase everything from Dexter Romweber's multi-talented musicianship on "Fuzzy And Wild" and "The Springfield Jack," to their supercharged live shows with "Rock It," "Cast Iron Arm" and "Mr. Guitar." True fans will stick with this LP, but if you're foolishly enough to get the CD version you'll be dealing with 34 tracks of tribal fury! Dig it!

Bryce Dunn

What he said.

Grant Lawrence

BIG DRILL CAR

Toured [A Live Album]
(Headhunter/Cargo)

Big Drill Car's new live album is, simply, disappointing. Being one of the better melodic punk bands around they should have been able to do better than this. Every song on *Toured* has been previously released and although the "live" element is manifested through a rough sound and minimum of production that suits the music quite well, the primary disappointment comes via the vocalist: he sounds less inspired. I appreciate Big Drill Car's honesty in letting their audience know (read the liner notes) that the motivation for releasing this recording was for the money, but if you're not a die hard fan I would recommend that you save your money for now and wait for their next studio album.

Vince Yeh

THE FALL

Kimble
(Strange Fruit)

This EP of 4 songs from BBC radio sessions covering the last decade was my first introduction to this British band, albeit 16 years late. Usually I'm prejudiced against all things British, but I thought I'd see if all the good things I've heard about the Fall were true. They are.

The songs are upbeat and poppy in a louny way and they stick in your head like those little bugs from *Star Trek* that eat your brain. "Words of Expectation" is nine minutes long and it's catchy to the point of craziness, "Kimble" and "Gut of the Quantifier" are both totally rad and Mark E. Smith kind of rambles on as if he's talking to you.

Max



BUM Wanna Sensation
(Pop/Lama)

After creaming the world with five 7" singles in their first year as a "real" group, Bum are back for the knock-out punch with their first full-length album, aptly titled "Wanna Smash Sensation", on Seattle's Pop/Lama label. All of the A-sides from the singles are here (the B-sides were left exclusive to 7" vinyl) as are a slew of brand new Bum style H.I.T.S. Listen up, indie-rock fanatics, whether you're into Green Day, Free Stone, or the 5.6.7.8's, it's all here for you on *Smash*. Though most easily classified as "ultra-catchy pop punk", the thirteen-song CD rollicks and rolls with great songwriting, fab singing and soaring, Hollies-like harmonies, all the while backed with bad-ass punk rock riffs. Like a tall glass of "Instant Kool-Aid", this album is perfect for our summer and perfect for you. Let's rock!

Grant Lawrence

Grant is sniffing a lot of glue lately.

Paul T. Brooks

FLUF

Mangravy
(Cargo/Headhunter)

Hey! O is big, very big. So is Fluf's new release, *Mangravy*. I like O. I like Fluf. I like *Mangravy*. I also liked Olivebawn, O and Jonny's old band, whose sound and style could perhaps be used as a reference to the sounds you'll encounter on *Mangravy*: rockin' and heavy on the melody (that sort of 60's sort of alternative), somewhat garagey pop with that Southern California edge. 12 killer songs in Fluf's hi-fi, 3 dimensional, fuckophonous sound.

O does the vocals and picks the thick guitar. Jonny supplies the bass, Miles on drums. Fluf, Big, Loud. Cool as fuck and worthy of your hard earned buck. Pick it up!

Eric FYH

VARIOUS ARTISTS

No In-City Venue — A Compilation of Saint John Bands
(Underground Productions)

As one would expect from a compilation of underground bands with songs taken from demos, there are some truly horrible recordings and some truly horrible bands, but there are a few standouts which make it still

worthwhile. The music is all pretty raw and noisy, and it ranges from hardcore to rock to pop-punk. Dead Corps, who have a wildly energetic, early-80's hardcore-punk sound (MDC, Black Flag), show a lot of potential and were the real memorable band for me off of this compilation. *No In-City Venue* is worth checking out if just to see what's going on in Saint John. (P.O. Box 267, Hampton, New Brunswick E0G 1Z0)

Tom Milne

TSUNAMI

Deep End
(Simple Machines)

Deep End is good, clean, pop, raw, and Jenny and Kirstin's vocals are mostly sweet, but overall it's boring. The songs are catchy but don't really work; they don't 'hook' you. But, on the other hand, you might like it for those reasons.

Soya Sauce

more intense than Helmet wished they ever could be. But damn the comparisons, *Passive Restraints* rocks hard! Total satisfaction absolutely guaranteed.

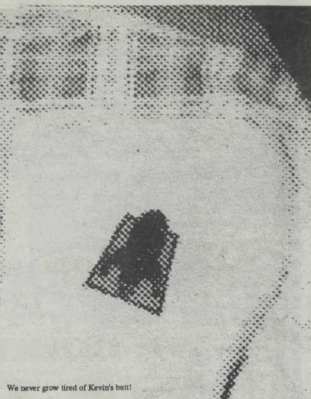
Eric FYH

BILLY CHILDISH

Native American Sampler
- A History 1983-1993
(Sub Pop)

With over 50 recordings to his credit, it probably wasn't too hard to compile 18 tracks that could fittingly be placed on an album titled *Native American Sampler*. This album spans 10 years of Billy Childish's career and includes two of his poems and his contribution of the cover art (which rules). The songs are primarily stripped-down, low-fi, rockabilly-ish ditties with a groovy hook. Some of the songs are influenced by native music but most of the rhythms just remind me of classic rock songs that I can't remember. And, hey, the profits go to Survival International!

Max



We never grow tired of Kevin's hell!



THE FALLOUTS

Here I Come And Other Hits
(Estrus)

As I've stated before, and will again, these rockers are one of Seattle's most underrated combos. The Fallouts have been around for years and have just recently come out from the dark and into the shade with a new album of hits on a label-branch of Sub Pop called Super Electro. But that ain't this album. This one's filled with old, unreleased Fallouts songs dating from '86 to '89 and what a rock 'n' roll feast it is. Super-psycho freak-beat '60s punk is the sound; great harmonies and great songs. Why these seventeen (!) songs weren't released when they were recorded is anyone's guess, but they are here now. Hell, this could be the Kinks' first LP if it weren't for this sucker's emotion and raw, unbridled energy. So get off your ass and catch up with the Fallouts.

Grant Lawrence

CLUTCH

Passive Restraints
(Earache/Relativity)

For those unexposed to Clutch a typical initial response upon hearing *Passive Restraints* could be "What hell hath Helmet wrought?" Yeah, Clutch are somewhat Helmet-like in sound and structure, but beyond that comparison is the basis for something more. Driving, pounding, hard hitting, mucho heavy and

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13	NON BLONES - <i>Bigger Better Faster More...</i>	15.99	CD <td>14</td> <td>COCTEAU TWINS - <i>Heaven On Las Vegas</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>15</td> <td>DEPECHE MODE - <i>Songs of Faith</i></td> <td>12.99</td> <td>CD <td>16</td> <td>GREEN JELLY - <i>Cephal</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	14	COCTEAU TWINS - <i>Heaven On Las Vegas</i>	15.99	CD <td>15</td> <td>DEPECHE MODE - <i>Songs of Faith</i></td> <td>12.99</td> <td>CD <td>16</td> <td>GREEN JELLY - <i>Cephal</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	15	DEPECHE MODE - <i>Songs of Faith</i>	12.99	CD <td>16</td> <td>GREEN JELLY - <i>Cephal</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	16	GREEN JELLY - <i>Cephal</i>	15.99	CD
18	BLONDIES - <i>Igniter</i>	15.99	CD <td>19</td> <td>CONSOLIDATED - <i>They Move Me</i></td> <td>14.99</td> <td>CD <td>20</td> <td>KEPHEC MODE - <i>Cashing Up With Depeche Mode</i></td> <td>5.99</td> <td>CD <td>21</td> <td>GRUNTUCK - <i>Crash</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	19	CONSOLIDATED - <i>They Move Me</i>	14.99	CD <td>20</td> <td>KEPHEC MODE - <i>Cashing Up With Depeche Mode</i></td> <td>5.99</td> <td>CD <td>21</td> <td>GRUNTUCK - <i>Crash</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	20	KEPHEC MODE - <i>Cashing Up With Depeche Mode</i>	5.99	CD <td>21</td> <td>GRUNTUCK - <i>Crash</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	21	GRUNTUCK - <i>Crash</i>	15.99	CD
22	BLONDIES - <i>Blondie</i>	15.99	CD <td>23</td> <td>CRUSHION OF CONFORMITY - <i>Clash</i></td> <td>14.99</td> <td>CD <td>24</td> <td>ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>25</td> <td>ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	23	CRUSHION OF CONFORMITY - <i>Clash</i>	14.99	CD <td>24</td> <td>ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>25</td> <td>ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	24	ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i>	15.99	CD <td>25</td> <td>ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	25	ENHANCER JR. - <i>Visual Noise</i>	15.99	CD
26	BARBES IN CHAINS - <i>Faustland</i>	15.99	CD <td>27</td> <td>CURE - <i>Wish</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>28</td> <td>D.O.A. - <i>13 Flavors of Doom</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>29</td> <td>HOOTIE FLOWERS - <i>Songs From The Hall...</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	27	CURE - <i>Wish</i>	15.99	CD <td>28</td> <td>D.O.A. - <i>13 Flavors of Doom</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>29</td> <td>HOOTIE FLOWERS - <i>Songs From The Hall...</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	28	D.O.A. - <i>13 Flavors of Doom</i>	15.99	CD <td>29</td> <td>HOOTIE FLOWERS - <i>Songs From The Hall...</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	29	HOOTIE FLOWERS - <i>Songs From The Hall...</i>	15.99	CD
30	BARBES IN CHAINS - <i>Faustland</i>	15.99	CD <td>31</td> <td>CURE - <i>Wish</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>32</td> <td>D.O.A. - <i>Deflection</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>33</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	31	CURE - <i>Wish</i>	15.99	CD <td>32</td> <td>D.O.A. - <i>Deflection</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>33</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	32	D.O.A. - <i>Deflection</i>	15.99	CD <td>33</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	33	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD
34	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>35</td> <td>CURE - <i>Wish</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>36</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>37</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	35	CURE - <i>Wish</i>	15.99	CD <td>36</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>37</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	36	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>37</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	37	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD
38	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>39</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>40</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>41</td> <td>I MOTHER EARTH - <i>Clap</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	39	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>40</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>41</td> <td>I MOTHER EARTH - <i>Clap</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	40	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>41</td> <td>I MOTHER EARTH - <i>Clap</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	41	I MOTHER EARTH - <i>Clap</i>	15.99	CD
42	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>43</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>44</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>45</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	43	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>44</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>45</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	44	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>45</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	45	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
46	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>47</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>48</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>49</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	47	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>48</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>49</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	48	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>49</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	49	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
50	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>51</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>52</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>53</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	51	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>52</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>53</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	52	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>53</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	53	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
54	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>55</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>56</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>57</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	55	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>56</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>57</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	56	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>57</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	57	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
58	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>59</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>60</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>61</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	59	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>60</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>61</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	60	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>61</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	61	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
62	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>63</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>64</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>65</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	63	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>64</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>65</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	64	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>65</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	65	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
66	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>67</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>68</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>69</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	67	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>68</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>69</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	68	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>69</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	69	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
70	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>71</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>72</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>73</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	71	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>72</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>73</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	72	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>73</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	73	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
74	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>75</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>76</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>77</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	75	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>76</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>77</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	76	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>77</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	77	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
78	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>79</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>80</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>81</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	79	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>80</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>81</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	80	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>81</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	81	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
82	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>83</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>84</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>85</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	83	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>84</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>85</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	84	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>85</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	85	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
86	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>87</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>88</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>89</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	87	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>88</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>89</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	88	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>89</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	89	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
90	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>91</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>92</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>93</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	91	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>92</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>93</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	92	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>93</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	93	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
94	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>95</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>96</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>97</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	95	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>96</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>97</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	96	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>97</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	97	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD
98	BIG BROTHERS - <i>Spinning</i>	15.99	CD <td>99</td> <td>DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>100</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>101</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td></td>	99	DEAD CAMEL - <i>Up - Alive</i>	15.99	CD <td>100</td> <td>INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD <td>101</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td></td>	100	INFECTIOUS GROOVERS - <i>The Plague</i>	15.99	CD <td>101</td> <td>JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i></td> <td>15.99</td> <td>CD </td>	101	JAMES ADDERLEY - <i>James' Shookin'</i>	15.99	CD

SAM'S HAS...

alternatives

MINISTRY - Land of Rape and Honey...	8.99	CD	ANTLER - <i>Onwards From Hell</i> ...	11.99	CD	RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS - <i>Mother's Milk</i> ...	11.99	CD	SUGAR - <i>Copper Blue</i> ...	14.99	CD
MR. BUNGLE - <i>Mr. Bungle</i> ...	11.99	CD	PANTERA - <i>Vulgar Delinquents</i> ...	11.99	CD	REPLACEMENTS - <i>Time</i> ...	11.99	CD	SUGAR - <i>Thunder</i> ...	11.99	CD
MURDER BY MURDER - <i>Murder By Murder</i> ...	11.99	CD	PARVET - <i>Slaves</i> ...	11.99	CD	ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS - <i>Glow Now</i> ...	11.99	CD	SUGAR - <i>Under the Influence</i> ...	11.99	CD
MOTHER LOVE BONE - <i>Mother Love Bone</i> ...	14.99	CD	PEACE LOVES AND TRUTHFUL... ... <i>Peace Loves And Truthful...</i>	11.99	CD	SCREAMING TREES - <i>Swallow</i> ...	11.99	CD	SUGAR - <i>Unleash the Animals</i> ...	11.99	CD
MY BLOOD VALENTINE - <i>My Blood Valentine</i> ...	11.99	CD	PEACE LOVES AND TRUTHFUL... ... <i>Peace Loves And Truthful...</i>	11.99	CD	SHADOW MEN - <i>Time & A Place</i> ...	11.99	CD	SUGAR - <i>Unleash the Animals</i> ...	11.99	CD
MYSTERY MACHINE - <i>Glazed</i> ...	11.99	CD	PEAKS - <i>Boastans</i> ...	11.99	CD	SISTERS OF MERCY - <i>Sweet Oblivion</i> ...	11.99	CD	TELEVISION - <i>Marque Moon</i> ...	8.99	CD
MYSTERY MACHINE - <i>Glazed</i> ...	11.99	CD	PEAKS - <i>Boastans</i> ...	11.99	CD	SISTERS OF MERCY - <i>First Last And Always</i> ...	8.99	CD	TEMPLE OF THE DOG - <i>Temple Of The Dog</i> ...	11.99	CD
MYSTERY MACHINE - <i>Glazed</i> ...	11.99	CD	PEAKS - <i>Boastans</i> ...	11.99	CD	SISTERS OF MERCY - <i>First Last And Always</i> ...	8.99	CD	TEMPLE OF THE DOG - <i>Temple Of The Dog</i> ...	11.99	CD
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SUGAR "Beaster"



THE TEA PARTY

"Splendor Solis"



SOUL ASYLUM
"Grave Dancers Union"



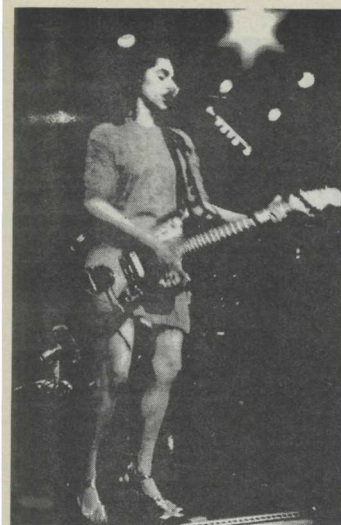
THE THE 'Burning Blue Soul'



TOOL
"Undertow"



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Poly Jean photo by Joel Fraser

Butthole Surfers Stone Temple Pilots IREHOSE Basehead

PNE Aqua stage
Wednesday, July 7

Due to public trash, I missed the first half of the evening that I really wanted to see (Basehead) so the evening started off on a bad note and got progressively worse. Billed as the "Butthole Barbeque," the show stood to find no barbeque—just a greasy concession stand with plenty of overpriced slushy shit passing as food.

After sitting for what seemed an eternity, the 1040 MC announced that IREHOSE would either be late or a no-show 'cause their van had broken down somewhere in the U.S.A. Instead, some freak-wad band from God-knows-where went on stage. Boasted by the crowd because of their lanterns, members of the audience were pulled on stage to do their own fill-in. The result was a purgatorial sound, but entertaining shit. IREHOSE eventually showed, to the delight of the crowd, and played a weak 45 set.

After another long break the Stone Temple Pilots appeared, featuring a grotesque Gwar-looking figure as a prop that I kept expecting to do something, but it just hung there in all its lameness. STP was awful. Hello wannabe Pearl Jam! Their songs sounded all the same, and their show went on so long I eventually plugged into my walkman. The vocalist's disco moves were quite brilliant however, and he was cute.

Butthole Surfers were on last. According to my friend Carol, who was up front taking pictures, it was a miracle the lead singer was even standing; he was so gonned. Their set contained some older hits mixed with new tunes from *Independent Women Saloon*, "Goody's Concern" being one of the crowd's favorite picks, who enthusiastically packed the floor. Big strikes against Gabby, who used the voice box machine like it was a new toy in the hands of an annoying child, and the lead singer, who was pointless as the sun had barely sunk below the horizon. Overall, anyone who

weat, and heels too high to play guitar in.

Kreviss, the only Canadian entry for the night, was all female except for their fucking drummer. Their Sex Pop single is great. Their Scratch single is great. They've played some great shows; this wasn't one of them. There were numerous technical problems, and the fact that this was their first show as a (god forbid!) four-piece was not helpful to their cause. Still, they were the band most devoted to volume and guitar in one hand and bloody sciences in the other. Fortunately, they were tight, funny, driven, catchy, and all female except for their fucking drummer. Their guitarist had absolutely mastered the E-string, and I'm not even making fun of her. Yeah, here was some catering, but it fit in perfectly with their garage-rock style, and they all seemed so happy and joyful that it was hard not to like them. Kinds makes you sick, huh? Anyway, a near flawless performance from a band I expected a lot less of. Someone smart should bring them to Vancouver before they all take ecstasy and go techno.

Jacky



Stone (Goswami) Temple Pilot photo by Carol Popkin

Dick Dale and the Deltones

The Surfisturers

The Exporators

Commodore Ballroom

Wednesday, July 21

My evening started off early at the Cargo-sponsored Sub Pop party at the Barnacle Club. And what a bizarre party it was... It's purpose was to actually promote a Sub Pop gig happening a week later at the Town Pump. Were the Sub Pop bands (Pond, Eric's Trip) there? No. They were somewhere in the middle of the precinct! Were they giving away tons of free Sub Pop shit and beer? Oh yeah. And that's why me and about a hundred other "losers" were on hand. Of course the free booze ran out after about an hour (big surprise), so it was off to the Commodore to witness the always-entertaining Exporators with Nordward the Human Serviette on lead vocals and organ. They played all their warped-garage "hits" including "Winnipeg '64," "France" and the super-trooper dedicated to Dick Dale, "Welcome to My Castle." Enjoyable were also Nordward's organ drives and his pathetic, out-of-breath, between-song banter.

The Surfisturers went next, and since I had never seen them before, I was a little shocked at how ancient they are. However old they may be (50s or 60s?), they still managed to sound out a pretty cool surf tune. But getz, the woman on keyboards looked like she should have been filing library books instead of on stage with a rock band.

Then there was the mighty Dick Dale; a man who hasn't cut his hair since '79, a man who has just put out a new album (though it's the first in 18 years), a man who for the better

part of the last 18 years has raised lions, tigers, and jaguars, a man who is ultra-pro-environment, a man who thinks the Vietnam war was justified... but what was the most important trait of Mr. Dick Dale? In 1956 he created the music called "surf," and on Wednesday, July 21, 1993 Dick Dale, in his first Canadian performance ever, showed us kids he can still crank it out. He played a ton of songs including great old ones like the rockin' "Mission" and "Let's Go Trippin'," plus fab new ones like "Caravan" off the new album. As for the Del Tones, they were a basic lame back-up band; a guy who looked like a metallic Toonist on bass, and some teen-aged drummer boy. But it was Dick Dale's show, and that's why the audience's attention was. Hell, he even signed autographs for an hour after the show. I guess I'm glad I actually got to see this bizarre, unique and underrated star live.

Grant Lawrence

The The Swell Orpheum Theatre Thursday, July 22

Most of us struggle for recognition; but some are born to genius—Matt Johnson is one of these people. A humble and introspective lad, Johnson, the brain-child behind The The, is not so much a powerful presence as he is a craftsman who has perfected his trade and thus must initiate flaw. His voice, as enticing and effortlessly poetic as ripples from a fallen leaf, is the tool from which the tapestry of his master songwriting is drawn. His songwriting weaves pain and passion—emotions usually left covering in opposite corners of the heart's darkest embers—into a silky thread with a non-chalance that is frighteningly unswerving.

The The commands an audience, rather than performs for one, with a precision not unlike the tide's ebb and flow pledge to its lunar chaplain. Done with an elaborate texture to their music, The The captures the emotional essence of each note from every instrument and voice and encapsulate those notes, in turn those instruments and voices, into an autonomous entity, limited only by the song they are a piece of. Each song is therefore a composition of several layers and that's why it is so easy to ensnare yourself in the piano of "Lung Shadows," the harmonics of "Slow Emotion Reply," the pervasive rhythm of "Sodium Light Baby," or the vocal trance of "Bluer Than Midnight" while remaining completely oblivious to the song's intricate counterparts.

Paul L. Brooks

Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet Club Commodore Ballroom Saturday, July 24

And we'll have fun, fun, fun, "till Daddy takes the T-shirt away...

I was worried that cub would get lost in the large confines of the Commodore, but I shouldn't have been worried; the cubists were in form. There was much throwing of candy (gentle) moaning and even some brand

new tunes. Their tour with the Smugglers has done cub a lot of good; they were a lot tighter, and it wasn't hurt sales. According to Matt Bill, cub's latest offering "Bird Dog Day," is into its second pressing of a thousand copies. Now that's a lot of warm fuzzies.

Girl Trouble had a lot of moaning as well. It was a bit of a strange sight to see people carried on top of the crowd to primo surf riffs. The lead singer reminded me of a skinner, less-repressive Lux Interior, with his unhealthy pallor and peevish threats, and the music was pure surf. Girl Trouble were so tight, they came on about fifteen minutes after cub, which was a nice change from the usual interminable between-set waits.

Then, Shadowy Men On a Shadowy Planet, a trio of guys that make you proud to be Canadian. Oh the crowd was a sea of blinding glowing bodies, and with good reason—Shadowy Men are tons of fun! Everybody went predictably berserk at the "Kids in the Hall" theme, and other faves like "Five Americans, Six Canadians." The show was married halfway by an audience member being crushed against the barricade and first aid people were called. But the show did go on to wild acclaim; you had to be pretty hard-hearted not to have enjoyed yourself. The encore consisted of easily recognizable riffs, such as "Layla," interspersed with Shadowy Men snippets.

And we'll have fun, fun, fun, "till Daddy takes the T-shirt away..."

June Scudeler

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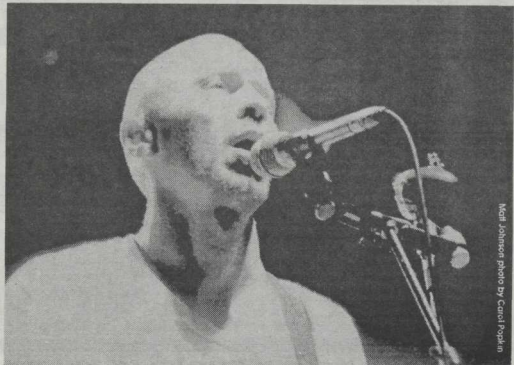
June Scudeler

June Scudeler

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June Scudeler

June Scudeler



Matt Johnson photo by Carol Popkin



ANOTHER

NETWORK

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MANUFACTURE, HILT, itch, Etc. Etc.**

MOJO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIV O' THE MONTH

So, it's the 90's, man, technology marches on, and the grabbing hands that grab all you can have come up with two bold formats for you to listen to yer music on. Y'ap, Sony-Corp and Philips-Corp have, respectively, brought forth the MiniDisc and Digital Compact Cassette in the hopes that you, the music buying public (or, as they put it, the sheep), will drop the shekels for their product and forsake the other.

It's a bigger when companies come out with these new formats, witness what happened when CDs came out. The propaganda machine told us all CDs would give us far better audio, would get cheaper, wouldn't scratch, etc., and we fell for it. Even vinyl purists were forced to hunt around for a shop that still carried records or take the plunge into CD. Since then we've found that if a CD gets scratched that song simply will not play or will loop infinitely, none of which is as cool as a scratched record can be. CDs certainly aren't cheaper for us. I mean, if Facepuller and Chub Grotzquez can sell CDs at discount prices and have a good chance at breaking even, what with the high costs of small runs, then the majors, with their own pressing plants, can put discs out at 1/3 of their present cost and still make scads of cash (but don't hold your breath waiting for the groovy fucks to drop prices!).

Now that we have essentially

become hostage to CDs these two moguls have decided we, as consumers, need more ways to drop dollars. Here's a capsule description:
Mini-Disk — Sony's got this thing which is a little smaller than a 1/2" floppy disc, supposedly for increased portability. There are three pros to this format: 1) the discs are small; 2) they record digitally up to 74 minutes; 3) well, the discs are small. On the downside, the players are in the \$700 range and a recorder will cost you about 900 clams (I don't have a price on the walkman version yet). Also, remember, this is a Sony product, the Elusian that invented Beta and the Elusian (nobody believes that this existed but I did some research and found a photo circa 1977. Sony figured that if they used 1/4" tape and jammed it into a hummingbird cassette style shell, audiofraks would buy thousands—I doubt they sold more than 500 machines), both of which died with a whimper.

Digital Compact Cassette — Philips is behind this one. Basically, this is a cassette that can record digitally. The pro: 1) they will play analog cassettes so it's not like you gotta throw them out; 2) they record longer than MiniDiscs; 3) they'll fit in your cassette case. The cons (no pun intended): 1) a recorder costs about \$900; 2) no one knows how well they play your analog cassettes;

3) pre-recorded titles run you \$20 a pop.

There you go. Now most of you, like me, are in no position to even think about buying one of these damn things unless you use your student loan money or are in the sex trade industry. But trip on this: the digital revolution hasn't preserved any warmth to the music the way analog did, that's why most recordings are done analog up to the mastering stage. Also, the fact that there is no hiss to warn you how loud the song is gonna be can blast your ears out (owners of Discmans can vouch for this)! And, finally, we've been through the 8-track, LP, cassette, and CD already, do we really need to drop another format for a new one? It's time to say "Whoa, hold off for a decade or two! Buying systems every few years is a waste of money, I should know. I have four computer systems at home none of which is as current as they need to be. However, music has a little more longevity than so it is possible for us to not buy either of these new devices until we are forced to by the shops (like they did with CDs). Another thing to wait for is to see if the record labels will freak out over this like they did with DAT recorders. I figure DCC will win over the MiniDisc, just because of its compatibility.

I know what you're saying, you're saying "Format, schmorformat, get on to the LPs," cause all I got is one of those Candle stereos where the turntable is set in the same box as everything else, man? Well, count yourself lucky if you got one because those truly horrifying things at least have a 78 setting! Since I've blown most of my space with columns, I just have enough room to tell you about a couple of tapes I just got.

Both of these tapes come from our friendly city to the south, the home of that shining blight of the future, Microsoft. Of course, I mean Seattle!

The first tape comes from Richard Karty, and it's only about five months late, meaning Richard has the same reliable qualities as I do! Definitely worth the wait, the first part, creatively titled *Where Have All the Stainless Steel Martini Pich-*

ers Gone, features a veritable cornucopia o' corn, with an assortment of spy music (including the classic "Martini Built For Two" and the creatively titled "Therm", from the *Man From U.S.A.* soundtrack), choice Martin Denny and Sergio Mendes cuts (the uncrowned kings of EZ Listening; any of their LPs are worth their weight in cubic zirconia) and littered with selections from Artful Gilbeto and the *Breakfast at Tiffany's* soundtrack. Mr. Karty recommends a cocktail while listening but I suggest tiki torches to make the atmosphere complete. Part Two, *Hello, Future!*, is culled from some amazing forward-thinking LPs circa the "Dry Look", "Cool Whiff" era (as RK would say). The high points include moon landing tapes from the Apollo 11, "UFOs" by the Un-disputed Truth, a Motown act with (no lie!) spherical, stark white Afros and metallic designs on their pusses, as well as Shostakovich done on the Moog synth. And let's not forget "The Girl From Inpennema" with the song stylings of Richard Hayman and His Genuine Electric Latin Love Machine!!! Richard ends off the tape with *Music From the Golden Age of Nudity*: neither of the choice, rare groove cuts like Ohio Players' "Skin Tight" and Brass Construction's "Peekin'" wonpoints with the more conscious sistas, lemme tell you! This is an excellent tape, and twisted Richard promises more soon!

The last tape comes from Peter Vollen who does a "zine called *Culture Shock*. It's an erratic blend of weirdness that is just as great as Ric's, though not with as many cuts.

His tape starts with a few cuts from *Micky Mouse Disco* ("Macho Duck"—which turned a few heads when I blasted it in my long-suffering girlfriend's car last week, *Seam Street Fever*, and *Chipmunk Peak*. Bill Cosby is in the house with a stuttorous, Barry White-ish "A Simple Love Affair" and "What D'Ya Think About Licken My Chicken?" done JB-style—these were from *Disco Bill*, apparently done in Bill's lean times. Truly excruciating. Peter shifts 180 degrees by giving the set I love to have some time with an excerpt of "Battlefield Earth," the soundtrack to one of L. Ron Hubbard's more famous tree-wasters. Genuine Musak follows before he drifts back to matters spiritual, closing off with a Mormon clip. Side two is Story Time, with some

Spice/1999, Six Million Dollar Man, Scooby Doo, and some indecipherable Spanish comedian telling dirty jokes (I think). You Seattle guys are very odd.

Thanks to both of you. Now, I'd print their addresses if I had their permission, so you could trade tapes, whatever, with them, but you'll have to wait 'til later for that. Keep the tapes coming. I think the next tape I get together will be the *Reader Selected Edition*, so hurry! Send requests, comments/abuse, money for tapes, etc., to:

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PRIZE FUN!!!! The person who writes from the furthest locale will also receive a canned menu of my choice as an added bonus!!! Deadline is October 31, 1993.

MiniDisk vs. DCC Comparison Chart

MiniDisk DCC

Is the DCC/Disk easy to lose?

YES YES

Do you need a magnifying glass to read the liner notes?

YES YES

Do the companies have subsidiaries in the defense industry (i.e. do they make bomb parts)?

YES YUP

Can you put it near a magnet without fucking it up?

NOPE Uh-uh

Is Meatloaf's *Bad Out of Hell* available on the format?

oh yeah sure

BOOM

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CHARTS

AUGUST 93 LONG VINYL 50

1 HOMEAGNO	WHY DO THEY CALL ME...?	ALTER TENT
2 URGE OVERELL	SATURATION	GEFFEN
3 DICK DALE	TRIBAL THUNDER	HIGHTONE
4 BUM	WANNAS SMASH SENSATION	POPILLAMA
5 BOSS HOG	GIRL	AMPHETAMINE REPETITE
6 BAD RELIGION	RECIPE FOR HATE	EPYRAPH
7 SUICIDAL TENDENCIES	STILL CYCLO AFTER ALL THESE YEARS	EPIC
8 BAND OF SUSANS	VEL	RESTLESS
9 FLAMING LIPS	SATELLITE HEART	WARNER
10 THE CRANES	FOREVER	ICA
11 FUSAO	IN ON THE MILL TAKER	DISCHORD
12 TELL SYBIL	KILL SYBIL	EMPTY
13 CRACKERSBASH	TIN TOY	COLUMBIA
14 FISHBONE	GIVE A MONKEY A BRAIN...	MANGRAVY
15 FLUF	FLUX-DE-BOUCHE	STALUPLAT
16 JAAP BLONK	SPORTY SPORTY	CARGO
17 SHADOW MEN ON A...	BURBLE & SCRAPE	SUB POP
18 SEASOON	JOHN SPENCER'S EXPLOSION EXTRA WIDTH	MATADOR
19 JON SPENCER'S BLUES	CAIGES	ZULU
20 BOB'S YOUR UNCLE	COSMIC FORCE	HEART BEAT
21 DENNIS BROWN	IN THE HALL OF FAME	POPILLAMA
22 THE SMUGGLERS	YAK RED PAID SCORCH	CARGO
23 PILEUP CAMP	LIVE IN CONCERT	ICA
24 JAZZ FUTURES	BASEBACK BIDE	CAROLINE
25 WALT MINK	TOURED	HEADHUNTER
26 BIG DILL CAR	I AM TOURO	MANGO
27 BARBA MAAL	DECOMATION BLVD	CAROLINE
28 ACTION SWINGERS	EAT IN GUYVILLE	MATADOR
29 IZ FEAR	MECCA NORMAL	K
30 MECCA NORMAL	ALTERED BEAST	ZOO
31 MATTHEW SWEET		

32 TIGER TRAP	JAZZMAJAZZ VOLUME 1	K
33 GURU	NEW AMERICAN SHAME	EMPTY
34 GIRL TROUBLE	CATS AND DOGS	DRAG CITY
35 ROYAL TROX	YEARBOOK	RASTACAN
36 VARIOUS ARTISTS	HYMNOTICA	ZONTAR
37 HELLBILLY FRANKENSTEIN	NATIVE-AMERICAN SAMPLER	SUBPOP
38 BILLY CHILDS	SHEILA LIKED THE RODEO	NETTWERK
39 THE TEAR GARDEN	THE SOURCE	HANNIBAL
40 ALI FAKRA TOURS	INFOTAINMENT SCAN	MATADOR
41 THE FALL	A STORM IN HEAVEN	VERNON YARD
42 VERVE	JACK MAG	SONIC BUBBLEGUM
43 THE TULPS	COUNTRY INDESS BANK	RUFFHOUSE
44 C.E.A.	THE LOVE OF HOPELESS CAUSES	EPIC
45 NEW MODEL ARMY	HIDEOUT	MAMMOTH
46 ANTENNA	25.....TAB	CAROLINE
47 MONSTER MAGNET	FREEMAN	JAM
48 I HEAD	DESTROY ME LOVER	TRANCE
49 PAIN TEENS	HEY ZEUS!	MERCURY
50 X		

AUGUST 93 SHORT VINYL 35

1 SMASHING PUMPKINS	"CHERUB ROCK"	HUT
2 CUB	HOT DOG DAY	MINI
3 SPARMAKER	PLUG	SELFLESS
4 CLUTCH	PASSIVE RESTRAINTS	RELATIVITY
5 BRAND NEW UNIT	"SUMMERTIME"	3 MINUTE MILE
6 KMFDM	SUCKS	WAX TRAX
7 STAND GT	TOASTING GEARS	EN GUARD
8 LEATHER UPPERS/JOCKY BOY...	FOUR SONGS 7"	FAMOUS
9 A.D.C.	ALL AMERICAN GIRL	IMP
10 LEONARD COHAN	PUB BLOP 7"	CRINAMONTAST
11 SEA MONKEYS	BAD HARBUT	DIONYSUS
12 TRULY	LESLEY'S COUGHING UP BLOOD	SUB POP
13 MADDOR ROSE	LIGHTS GO DOWN	ROCKVILLE
14 THE SNEETCHES	AND I'M THINKING	SUB STOP
15 QUAROGGS	GLAZE	CRINAMONTAST
16 PSYCHOSKINK	SILCON JESUS	WAX TRAX
17 THE SPIRIT MUFFINS	KIT PICKLES	DIAMANTE NEGRO
18 WARD	MUSTANG/BOOM	MUD
19 BPCOBER	DECEMBER 93	EN GUARD
20 GUTTIER	COOL CHICK 999/ MOMENTUM	SUMMERLAND
21 RESPECT SYBEN	CRANBUM MELTDOWN	HOMO HABELIS
22 SMALL	CHOPSCROCK	ALIAS
23 WICKER BISCUIT	BASEMENT	GRITTY KITT
24 TRUMPER	HARD	SHIVER
25 LIKE WOV	WHACKED IN WACO	PSYCHO TEDDY
26 THE CAROLINE KNOW	NAIL/ ORPHAN TOO	SUB STOP
27 VERONICA LAKE	SEE ME WHEN YOU ARE 16	SUB STOP
28 LANDFELL	SUNSET HILLS	PLUMB
29 DON CABALLERO	OUR CABALLERO	TOUCH AND GO
30 MIMCO/ROUGHAGE	GETTING BAINED ON/CALENDAR GIRL	SCORCH
31 JIVE BIBLE	FBI FARMER	KOKOPOP
32 06 COMEBACK	YOU COULD CALL ME JOB	SUB POP
33 THE POPERS	SUNBATH	SUMMERLAND
34 SPRINKLER	PEERLESS/ KENT	SUB POP
35 THE WORST	TUNES FROM THE TOMB	SCREAMING APPLE

AUGUST 93 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 THE REAL MACKENZIES	I AM A SCOT
2 VINAGRETTES	FISHING FOR A TROUT
3 ICE LIQUOR	SILVA
4 COAL	ACE OF SPADES
5 FOREST LAWN	SIMMERING HATE
6 DEPIROGRAMMERS	WASH YOUR BRAIN
7 WINDHAM HELL	ENTER THE GATES
8 LEATHER UPPERS	I DON'T LIKE YOU (VERY MUCH)
9 THE UNGRATEFUL LIVING	BORN TO BE DEFILED
10 STRAIN	CAJACAB
11 HORSEY	GO LIGHT
12 FOUR FOOD GROUPS OF THE APOCALYPSE	LOVE ONLY PAIN
13 BLUSH	ICABOD
14 TERROR 1 AND THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR	TRUE 2 THA GAME
15 ROTORCLOUD	I WAS ONLY JOKING
16 WRETCHED ETHYL	NOTHING TO DEEP
17 PLAGUE AT ETHYL	LAND OF LALA
18 THE SPIDERS	NO EXPECTATIONS
19 HONEY	JELLYBITCH
20 SURFOUSTERS	SAVE THE WAVES
21 FOURTH MAN	PROGRESS
22 SNOWDOGS	MISUNDERSTANDING
23 THE WEARE STABLES	ANITEATER
24 THE WISBOS	FINAL WORD
25 TAKE THAT	PRESSURE
26 THIRLSQUAD	LOVE AND RAIN
27 THE GYPSY SPRAY KINGS	THEY'RE GONNA SPRAY
28 SINUS DAVY	THE SHIRKING VIOLETS
29 GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS	CITY OF FLIES
30 DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS	TABBED AND FEATHERED
31 BLADE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KIDD
32 MANIC OBSESSION	ANCIENT CELTIC DERNING PARTY
33 UNSCENE	SURFACE
34 MEET DASY	GO GO ROUND
35 NORTH AMERICAN BISON	CHURCHDOM

GREYHAIRS REMEMBER DISCORDER CHARTS 10 YEARS AGO

1 YELLO	YOU GOTTA SAY YES
2 TALKING HEADS	SPEAKING IN TONGUES
3 VIOLENT FEMMES	VIOLENT FEMMES
4 KING SUNNY ADE	SYNCHRO-SYSTEM
5 NEW ORDER	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES
6 MALCOLM MCLAREN	LUCK ROCK
7 THE CREATURES	FEAT
8 AZTEC CAMERA	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN
9 SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
10 DANIELLE DAX	POP-EYES

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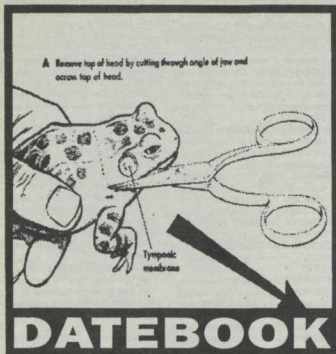
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A Remove top of head by cutting through angle of jaw and across top of head.

- 1 SUN** Bad Brains with the Didjits, Trigger Happy and Shades of Culture at the Town Pump...Orquesta B.C. Salsa with Espiritu Libre at the Commodore...movies of the week at the Railway...Powell Street Festival at Oppenheimer Park...Summer of Love '93 featuring Pierce, One, DJ Dimitri, Doc Martin, DJ Magnus, off Highway 99...Penn & Teller at the Vogue...Michelle Mares piano recital at Ryerson United Church...In-Fest at High River Rodeo Grounds (Alberta)...Henry Y (7pm) and Much Ado About Nothing (9:30pm) at the Ridge...A Sunday in the Country (7:30pm) and Let Joy Reign Supreme (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...Sorting through the Seventies exhibition continues at Contemporary Art Gallery (until the 14th)...Celebrating the 51th at Canadian Craft Museum (until Sept. 8th).
- 2 MON** Transit Police with Johnny Trout at the Railway...Penn & Teller at the Vogue...Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media (7:30pm) at the Ridge...A Sunday in the Country (7:30pm) and Let Joy Reign Supreme (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...Bon Clearcuts in Claycoyot Sound March and Rally at Macillo HQ (noon, 925 West Georgia).
- 3 TUE** Johnny Gregg & Soukita with Murray Attaway at the Vogue...Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore...Transit Police with Johnny Trout at the Railway...Sunny Rhodes & the Texas Twisters at the Yale...Phat Groove with DJ Czech at Graceland...The Didjits with the Muffs and Sinister Six at the Offramp...Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media (7:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 4 WED** CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB...Angelique Kidjo, Booba Madi, Ismael Lo at the Commodore...Elizabeth Fischer at the Railway...Sunny Rhodes & the Texas Twisters at the Yale...Daryl Johne Trio at Alma Street Cafe...Reggae Night with CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland...The Cherubs with Voodoo Gearshift, Slappywhite and Sore Jackson at the Offramp...Last Call at Maud's (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Ridge...Fahrenheit 451 (7:30 & 9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 5 THU** CITR PRESENTS WOMEN OF REGGAE FEATURING JUDY MOWATT, SISTER CAROL and SISTER BREEZE AT THE TOWN PUMP...CITR PRESENTS THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS AT THE COMMODORE...Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub with cub and Burn...The Rhinoc at the Railway...Miles Black at Alma Street Cafe...Sunny Rhodes & the Texas Twisters at the Yale...Back to Bassix with T-Bone at Graceland...Zeke with Freckscene, Deflowers and Those Who Dig at the Offramp...Last Call at Maud's (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Ridge...Truth or Dare (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...Embroidered traditions exhibition/demonstration at Canadian Craft Museum.
- 6 FRI** CITR PRESENTS X WITH WEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD AT THE TOWN PUMP...Sunny Rhodes & the Texas Twisters at the Yale...J.L. Cole with John Hammond at the Commodore...Happy Man at the Railway...Wild Cherry with DJ Czech at Graceland...MDC with JFA, Impatient Youth, White Trash Debutantes and Jack Killed Jill at the Offramp...The Shunning at Centennial Auditorium (Abbotsford)...The Miracle (7:30pm) and The Crying Game (9:25pm) at the Ridge...The Young One (7:30pm) and "E1" (9:20pm) at

Pacific Cinematheque.

- 7 SAT** CITR PRESENTS THE CATHERINE WHEEL WITH SLOWDIVE AT THE HUNGRY EYE...The Clergy with Po Ro Dlu and Soul Food at Worldshakers...Byron Lee & the Dragonaires with the Jumbalassy Brass Band at the Commodore...Sunny Rhodes & the Texas Twisters at the Yale...Happy Man at the Railway...Noah's Arc with CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland...DOA with the Fumes at the Offramp...The Shunning at Centennial Auditorium (Abbotsford)...The Miracle (7:30pm) and The Crying Game (9:25pm) at the Ridge...The Young One (7:30pm) and "E1" (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 8 SUN** CITR PRESENTS UNDER THE VOLCANO FESTIVAL AT CATES PARK FEATURING AZTLAN NATION, BOB'S YOUR UNCLE, WITHOUT RESERVATION, CESAR DAVILA & KIM LALAT, CULTURE HYPE CREW, ZOLTY CRACKER, SPARKMARKER, JEE JEE, TICKLE TRUNK and Offramp...CITR PRESENTS DRIVE LIKE JESU WITH UNBOUND AT THE TOWN PUMP...NFA Yuletown Blockbuster with Brand New Unit, Rotor Cloud, cub and Rancid on Hamilton...movies of the week at the Railway...Wicked Swimming Dog with Dreaming I Am, Fingerprint, Joyride at the Offramp...The Miracle (7:30pm) and The Crying Game (9:25pm) at the Ridge...Deathwatch (7:15pm) and The Judge & the Assassin (9:40pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 9 MON** September Child at the Railway...Ethan Frome (7:30pm) and Howards End (9:25pm) at the Ridge...Deathwatch (7:15pm) and The Judge & the Assassin (9:40pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 10 TUE** Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore...Linda Hornbuckle with the No Delay Band at the Yale...Jelly Roll Blues Band at the Railway...Phat Groove with DJ Czech at Graceland...Truly with Crunt at the Offramp...Ethan Frome (7:30pm) and Howards End (9:25pm) at the Ridge.
- 11 WED** CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB...Iris Dement at Tom Lee Music Hall...Joe Louis Walker at the Yale...Phat Tales at the Railway...Linda Hornbuckle with the No Delay Band at the Yale...Reggae Night with CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland...Leolo (7:30pm) and Calendar (9:35pm) at the Ridge...Post Modern Sex: Just Beneath the Skin (Program Two) at Pacific Cinematheque (7:30pm).
- 12 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub with Bob's Your Uncle and Zolty Cracker...Rhin Tapes at Ontario's Nightclub...Frank Frink Five at the Railway...Linda Hornbuckle with the No Delay Band at the Yale...Back to Bassix with T-Bone at Graceland...Gnome at the Offramp...Leolo (7:30pm) and Calendar (9:35pm) at the Ridge...Post Modern Sex: Just Beneath the Skin (Program Two) at Pacific Cinematheque (7:30pm).
- 13 FRI** Burn with Zumpato at Station Street Arts Centre...Memphis Sisk, Barney Bentall, West End Girls at the Commodore...Frank Frink Five at the Railway...Linda Hornbuckle with the No Delay Band at the Yale...Wild Cherry with DJ Czech at Graceland...Grots with Hugh, Captain Enema, Tehkuna at the Offramp...The Shunning at Richmond Gateway Theatre...Waiting (7:30pm) and Strictly Ballroom (9:30pm) at the Ridge...The Milky Way (7:30pm) and The River and Death (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 14 SAT** CITR PRESENTS MICHELLE SHOCKED AT VANCOUVER EAST ARTS CENTRE...Copyright with Art Bergmann at Station Street Arts Centre...Aerosmith with Megadeth at Pacific Coliseum...Slowdown at the Railway...Linda Hornbuckle with the No Delay Band at the Yale...Noah's Arc with CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland...Chemab with Skrew at the Offramp...The Shunning at Richmond Gateway Theatre...Waiting (7:30pm) and Strictly Ballroom (9:30pm) at the Ridge...The Milky Way (7:30pm) and The River and Death (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...Sorting through the Seventies exhibition closes at Contemporary Art Gallery.
- 15 SUN** CITR PRESENTS MICHELLE SHOCKED AT VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE...DRI with Strain at the Town Pump...Michelle Shocked at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...movies of the week at the Railway...Waiting (7:30pm) and Strictly Ballroom (9:30pm) at the Ridge...Round Midnight (9:15pm) and Spolled Children (9:40pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 16 MON** The Neville Brothers at the Orpheum...Reading Railroad at the Railway...Sedaboh at the Offramp...The Lover (7pm) and Indochine (9pm) at the Ridge...Round Midnight (9:15pm) and Spolled Children (9:40pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 17 TUE** CITR PRESENTS SEDABOH WITH ENGINE KID AND SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE AT THE TOWN PUMP...Tony Flame with the Demons at the Yale...Spin Doctors with Soul Asylum and Screaming Trees at Coliseum Concert Bowl...Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore...Daniel Johne at the Railway...Phat Groove with DJ Czech at Graceland...The Lover (7pm) and Indochine (9pm) at the Ridge.

- 18 WED** CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB...Daniel Johne at the Railway...Tony Flame with the Demons at the Yale...Murray McLauchlan at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Reggae Night with CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland...Ju Dou (7:30pm) and Raise the Red Lantern (9:30pm) at the Ridge...Le Jour Se Leve (7:30pm) and Les Bons-Fonds (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 19 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub with Mystery Machine and Zen Bungalow...Murray McLauchlan at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Tony Flame with the Demons at the Yale...Rhythm Method at the Railway...Back to Bassix with T-Bone at Graceland...Ju Dou (7:30pm) and Raise the Red Lantern (9:30pm) at the Ridge...Clips from Adult Films (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 20 FRI** Tony Flame with the Demons at the Yale...Rick Colbourne & Hard Poetry at the Railway...Murray McLauchlan at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Wild Cherry with DJ Czech at Graceland...Back Pats with Mind Over Four, Season to Risk, Polson Bone at the Offramp...Tampopo (7:30pm) and Like Water for Chocolate (9:25pm) at the Ridge...Wuthering Heights (7:30pm) and Death in the Garden (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 21 SAT** The Smugglers with the Odd Numbers, cub and The Stand GT at Hastings Community Centre...Tony Flame with the Demons at the Yale...G18Blues at the Railway...Murray McLauchlan at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Noah's Arc with CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland...Back Pats with Mind Over Four, Season to Risk, Polson Bone at the Offramp...Tampopo (7:15pm) and Like Water for Chocolate (9:25pm) at the Ridge...Wuthering Heights (7:30pm) and Death in the Garden (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 22 SUN** movies of the week at the Railway...Tampopo (7:15pm) and Like Water for Chocolate (9:25pm) at the Ridge...A Week's Vacation (7:30pm) and Beatrice (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 23 MON** Carmal de Forest & his Death Groove Love Party at the Railway...Wide Sargasso Sea (7:30pm) and Map of the Human Heart (9:30pm) at the Ridge...A Week's Vacation (7:30pm) and Beatrice (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 24 TUE** Russell Jackson with the Jack Band at the Yale...Phish at the Commodore...Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore...Carmal de Forest & his Death Groove Love Party at the Railway...Phat Groove with DJ Czech at Graceland...Wide Sargasso Sea (7:30pm) and Map of the Human Heart (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 25 WED** CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB...Carmal de Forest & his Death Groove Love Party at the Railway...Russell Jackson with the Jack Band at the Yale...Reggae Night with CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland...Betty Blue (7:30pm) and IP5: The Island of the Pachyderms (9:30pm) at the Ridge...Blue Angel (7:30pm) and The Last Laugh (9:25pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 26 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub with Copyright and Cool...Carmal de Forest & his Death Groove Love Party at the Railway...Russell Jackson with the Jack Band at the Yale...Back to Bassix with T-Bone at Graceland...Betty Blue (7:30pm) and IP5: The Island of the Pachyderms (9:30pm) at the Ridge...The Phantom of Liberty (7:30pm) and The Criminal Life of Arch. de la Cruz (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 27 FRI** Carmal de Forest & his Death Groove Love Party at the Railway...Russell Jackson with the Jack Band at the Yale...Wild Cherry with DJ Czech at Graceland...Sage with Silkstorm and Stylin' at the Offramp...The Pickle (7:30pm) and Dove (9:35pm) at the Ridge...The Phantom of Liberty (7:30pm) and The Criminal Life of Arch. de la Cruz (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 28 SAT** cub, Blaise Pascal, Sister Lovers and The Goblins at Station Street Arts Centre...Russell Jackson with the Jack Band at the Yale...Phil Smith & Primitive Road at the Railway...Noah's Arc with CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland...The Pickle (7:30pm) and Dove (9:35pm) at the Ridge...Around the World in 24 Hours: Road Movie Mamon (noon) featuring The Wizard of Oz, Lost in America, Sullivan's Travels, The Hidden Fortress, Leningrad Cowboys Go America, Stagecoach, Powwow Highway, Cocktail Molotov, Thelma and Louise, Backlash, Paris Texas, Detour, Highway 61 at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 29 SUN** movies of the week at the Railway...The Pickle (7:30pm) and Dove (9:35pm) at the Ridge...Daddy Nostalgia (7:30pm) and Life and Nothing But (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 30 MON** Zea Za & the Angels at the Railway...Distant Voices, Still Lives (7:30pm) and The Long Day Closes (9:15pm) at the Ridge...Daddy Nostalgia (7:30pm) and Life and Nothing But (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.
- 31 TUE** Zea Za & the Angels at the Railway...The Original Sinners at the Yale...Phat Groove with DJ Czech at Graceland...Distant Voices, Still Lives (7:30pm) and The Long Day Closes (9:15pm) at the Ridge.

Timbre Presents



Warner Bros. recording artist

Iris DeMent

"I can count on three fingers the number of people who impressed me as much the first time I saw them live..." - John Prine, *Rolling Stone*

"Sung in a sweet, gospel-tinged voice, she binds the melodic strains of folk, country and particularly white southern gospel music to gentle and wise lyrics." - *Boston Globe*

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 11
TOM LEE MUSIC HALL
929 GRANVILLE
DOORS 7:15pm • SHOW 8:00 pm

CiTR
101.3 FM and CJSF present
Epic recording artists
from Washington DC



bad
brains

with special guests Touch and Go
recording artists from Chicago

didjits

plus

TRIGGER HAPPY and
SHADES OF CULTURE

SUNDAY AUGUST 1
TOWN PUMP

POLYGRAM RECORDING ARTIST

Michelle Shocked

with guests

SATURDAY AUG. 14

and

SUNDAY AUG. 15

**VANCOUVER EAST
CULTURAL CENTRE**

doors 7:15pm • show 8:00 pm



CiTR
101.3 FM
and
CJSF
present
Polygram
recording
artists



with special guests

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BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD

early show!

Friday August 6

TOWN PUMP

CiTR and CJSF present from San Diego Cargo/Headhunter recording artists

DRIVE LIKE JEHU

with special guests

UNWOUND

SUNDAY AUGUST 8

TOWN PUMP

FROM CALIFORNIA

D.R.I.

WITH GUESTS

SUNDAY AUG. 15TH

TOWN PUMP

ciTR presents sub pop recording artists

sebadoh

with guests ENGINE KID and SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE

tuesday august 17 • TOWN PUMP

doors 8:00 pm

Tickets Available At: Zulu, Black Swan, Track, Highlife, Scratch, Ticketmaster outlets or charge by phone 280-4444.

Tickets for X, DRIVE LIKE JEHU and SEBADOH available only at record stores and the Town Pump.

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ZULU RECORDING ARTISTS PERFORMING

LIVE

Bob's Your Uncle

Aug 5 Commodore Ballroom
(w/They Might Be Giants)
Aug 8 Under The Volcano Festival
Aug 24 PNE w/Kashtin
Aug 28 Town Pump
Sep 3 Bumbershoot (in Seattle)

LUNG

Aug 13 Off Ramp (Seattle) w/Grotus
Aug 14 Hungry Eye
Aug 21 Lunatic Fringe

COAL

Aug 12 Harpo's (Victoria) w/©
Aug 27 Pop (featuring art by Nicole)



IN-STORE AT ZULU

Friday July 30 • 2:30pm

Thrill Squad

Formerly Go Four 3, they're back from doing time in Toronto to check in with their hometown before heading off to recording sessions in England for an upcoming release. Take a late lunch break and sneak down to Zulu for their performance.

Show Business Giants

• Maybe Its Just Me...

Victoria's Show Business Giants are frontman/lead knucklehead Tom Holliston with a little help from his friends (including John Wright from Homeasins). With songs like "I've Got the Soul of a Woman Inside Me!", "My Slacks", and "I'm a Square", you know you're dealing with something a little odd... but we mean that in the good sense.

SALE 14.98cd/9.98cass

Huevos Rancheros

• Endsville

If you think that Shadowy Men are Canada's only cool instrumental group then you've got egg on your face, buddy. Calgary's Huevos Rancheros follow-up some way-rackin' singles with their excellent C/Z Records debut full-length release, Endsville.

SALE 14.98cd/9.98cass

Palace Brothers

• There is No-one What Will Take Care of You

Mourful music from some farmland bicks who used to play with Slint and the Breeders. They ditched the distortion for banjos and moonshine, creating slow introspective country with a sick bent.

SALE 14.98cd/9.98cass IMPORT

Swirlies

• Broke Dick Car

This latest ep by that Massachusetts-based band, The Swirlies, offers a fine sample of new material as well as a danceable remake of the song "Pancake". If you liked them live, you'll also like this.

SALE 11.98cd IMPORT

Smashing Pumpkins

• Siamese Dream

Beyond and beneath Billy Corgan's solemn and ceremonious songwriting lies the emotional cleansing of the Smashing Pumpkins' long-awaited follow-up to Gish. Although the Smashing Pumpkins take on 70's-influenced prog rock is nothing more than a blurring of the traditional clichés, Siamese Dream cradles gorgeous guitar and atmosphere in all of its vicious beauty and grace.

SALE 14.98cd/9.98cass

Smog

• Julius Caesar

More melancholy songs, moodily performed by the perpetually introverted Bill Callahan. Although displaying a more musical quality than past recordings, Julius Caesar still offer the introspective lyrical and musical wanderings that charmed his earlier records — check it out.

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Julep

• Yo Yo Compilation (various)

Following up on the "Thruw" compilation, Pat Maley's Yo Yo Records continues to support independent music with another collection of fine bands including local acts Cub and Kreviss. So display your dedication to indie rock and give the Julep comp a spin.

SALE 14.98cd IMPORT

The Silver Jews

• The Arizona Record ep

Fuzzy, quirky, incredibly catchy, low-fi rock that owes a whole lot to Pavement. Actually, it sure sounds a lot like Pavement. And isn't that a couple of the Pavement guys on the back cover? Hmmm...

SALE 9.98cd IMPORT



The Fine Print...

Sale prices are in effect until August 31, 1993. Magazines? Box sets? Tshirts? Odds and sods? We got lots!